THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR

THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED

SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

For AUGUST, 1808.

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This Number is embellished with the following Copper-plates,

1. The Triumph of Innocence.
2. London Fashionable Full Dress.
3. A new and elegant Pattern for a Veil, &c. &c.

LONDON:

Printed for G. ROBINSON, No. 25, Paternoster-Row;

Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE lines entitled *Mary Anne of the Ouse*, which appeared in our last, had been received a considerable time since, but had been mislaid.

We are obliged to *Miss Yeames* for her Communications; they shall be attended to.

We would wish to encourage the juvenile genius of Henriette T——, but the *Elegy to Pity* is rather too incorrect.

Mercator's observations appear to be judicious; but the subject is foreign to the plan of our Miscellany.

Almeria's *Fragment* requires revision.

Scrutator's acrimonious observations on a writer who is not destitute of merit, are inadmissible.

THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE.

For AUGUST, 1808.

The TRIUMPH of INNOCENCE.

A TALE.

(With an elegant Engraving.)

THE confidence and energy inspired by virtue and innocence will frequently enable even the feeble to endure and resist difficulties and sufferings, before which conscious guilt, whatever its powers, sinks unnerved, and loses all resolution.

In the south of France, in the pleasant plains of Languedoc, stood, some years since, the magnificent château of the comte de Launay, principally remarkable because it contained within it his daughter, the beauteous Adelaide de Launay, whose elegance, spirit, sense, and wit, rendered her the admiration of all who had the happiness to know her. Her native goodness of heart, her benevolence and generosity to all who were indigent or in distress, drew on her unfeigned blessings from all the neighbouring poor, from all to whom it was possible that she should render service.

Not far from the mansion of the comte de Launay was the residence of another nobleman, of equal fortune and honours, whose son, Henry de Montbrisson, seemed the exact counterpart of Adelaide, in manly dignity, powers of mind, and the most generous endowments of the heart. The vicinity of their habitations, the equality of their years, and the similarity of their manners and sentiments, had laid the foundation of the strictest union between the hearts of Adelaide and Henry. What the one approved, was never rejected by the other; what the one loved, was secure of the other's affections; it seemed as if only one soul animated two bodies. As their years increased, so increased their friendship, their esteem for each other, their artless

affection, till at length they were united by the most intimate and tender of all unions.

But what shall not time impair? what state of happiness can boast security against every accident? A young and artful female of the name of Jeannette chanced to enter the family as an upper servant; Adelaide having promised to provide for and protect her, in reward for some services which she had in her infancy received from her mother, a truly worthy and respectable woman. The sparkling black eyes and pretended simplicity of this wily little coquette, too soon attracted the attention of her master, who suffered himself to be so ensnared by them by degrees, that he at length forgot all the merit, all the love, and all the constancy of his Adelaide, and sought only surreptitious interviews and dalliances with the bewitching and artful Jeannette. On such occasions, the base Jeannette generally availed herself of the opportunity to insinuate, though very covertly, something to the disadvantage of her mistress; and to this Montbrisson very foolishly listened, till all his affection for his Adelaide was overpowered by suspicions, and she had nearly become his aversion.

Jeannette, at the same time, maintained a secret intimacy with the steward, who, finding the ascendancy she had gained over her master, conceived that he might turn it to account in promoting the views he had upon the property and estates of his lord. The prudence, discernment, and vigilance of Adelaide, he found were great obstacles to his designs, while his master, blinded by the wretched passion which had seized him, and solely intent on its gratification, was now much more easily to be deceived: he therefore thought that, if he could diminish the influence of his mistress, or entirely remove her, certain profitable impositions might be much easier practised. With this view, he instructed Jeannette to endeavour to render her master jealous of Adelaide, recommending as a proper subject to which his jealousy might be directed, the chevalier du Verney, a handsome and accomplished young man who frequently visited at the count de Montbrisson's. Jeannette learned her lesson, and acted her part but too aptly. By obscure inuendos, and dark, imperfect, and seemingly reluctant explanations, she wrought up the mind of Montbrisson to a kind of frenzy against the innocent Adelaide. He now conceived himself at perfect liberty to indulge his lawless passion for his new favourite, and wreak his revenge on his injured lady. To her his conduct was now wholly altered; he became sullen, morose, captious, and burst occasionally into violent fits of passion, without any visible cause. At length he abruptly informed her, that he could no longer bear that she should reside with him, but that she must submit to take up her abode in an apartment at the further extremity of the château, from which she must not on any account depart — 'I will take care,' said he, 'to send you necessary sustenance twice a day; but you must not expect,' added he, with a contemptuous sneer, 'that I will send du Verney to you, to condole with and comfort you.' — He instantly left her, plunged as she was in amazement, and unable to account for what had happened. Some servants, by

his directions, soon appeared, and conducted her to the lonely apartment he had allotted to her.

Here the good and gentle Adelaide passed several melancholy days without conversation with any one; for those who attended on her twice a day had strict orders from Montbrisson not to speak to her. But the consciousness of her innocence, and of the rectitude of her conduct; and the firm belief that this must one day appear, and all her actions be fully vindicated, so supported her, that perhaps she was the only inhabitant of this spacious mansion of Montbrisson who enjoyed true tranquillity and felicity of mind.

At length, after she had thus passed some weeks, a faithful servant of Adelaide's, named Theodore, having learned where his mistress was confined, ventured to climb up to the window of the apartment, and, throwing up the sash, to speak to the captive, in defiance of his master's prohibition, and at no little danger to himself, had he been discovered. This was the first human voice she had heard for a long time. Theodore gave her an account of all that had passed in the château during her confinement; informed her that since that time Jeannette might almost be considered as their mistress; and added, that it was generally said, that though the removal of her might be very convenient to make room for Jeannette, yet another reason for her confinement was, that the count had conceived a violent jealousy of the chevalier du Verney.

This explained to her the dark expression of the count at parting with her, which, before, her innocence could not understand. The intelligence, however, that Jeannette was so openly the favourite of her husband, and as it were her successor, caused her a pang and a tear; but the natural gentleness of her disposition rendered her resigned, and conscious innocence restored her fortitude.—'We must wait, Theodore,' said she, wiping away the tear that had involuntarily bedewed her cheek, 'we must wait; Providence can, and I doubt not that Providence will, deliver me, and render my innocence conspicuous.'

Her trust was not in vain. A few days afterwards Montbrisson set out on a journey, and proposed to be absent several days, to transact some particular business; but, meeting with a person who informed him that his presence was unnecessary, he returned home unexpectedly in the evening; when, walking out into his garden, he surprised Jeannette and the steward in close conversation; to which, not being perceived by them, he had the curiosity to listen, concealing himself behind some trees. He soon heard sufficient completely to undeceive him, and show him what a miserable dupe he had been to the meanest of artifices, by indulging a base and unworthy passion.—'Things,' said Jeannette, 'go on wonderfully well, but I do not like my mistress so near me; if you would assist me we might remove her entirely; you and I might positively attest the fact with the chevalier du Verney.'—'Aye, aye,' said the steward, 'that must be well considered; do not you act unadvisedly; we must lay things well together to avoid detection: we must be very cautious.'

Montbrisson was now perfectly convinced: he immediately retired—and, having sent some of

his attendants to seize and confine Jeannette and the steward, and instantly hastened to the apartment where his lady was confined, threw himself at her feet, confessed his error, and implored her forgiveness. She, agreeably to the tenderness of her nature, hailed, with floods of tears, but tears of joy, his returning affection, and vows of future constancy; no upbraiding was heard from her, nor did any thing at any time afterwards happen to diminish their esteem for, or happiness in, each other.

By the earnest intercession of Adelaide, Jeannette was only, as it were, banished, by being obliged always to reside at a considerable distance from the château, where Adelaide frequently remitted to her sums of money, that she might not be wanting in her grateful engagements to her mother. As for the steward, proof having been obtained of various frauds and peculations that he had been guilty of, he was prosecuted and obliged to restore double the sums to his injured lord.

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,

THE numerous dinners lately given to the Spanish deputies, and above all the magnificent entertainment at the City of London tavern, have occasioned me to make various reflections on the subject; and, though I do not pretend to be capable of writing a regular dissertation on it, I have ventured to take my pen, and transmit you a few hints on the utility and efficacy of dining well.

Our country, above all others, is noted for its dinners. On the continent dinners are generally short meals; there is no circulation of wine by means of toasts; and tea or coffee are immediately called, and the company soon break up. It is not so with us:—dinner is a serious concern. It is the subject of much previous thought and preparation. There is some merit attached to the man who has skill to order a dinner that shall be universally agreeable, and there is more merit yet in furnishing the table with such a treat. Hence a good landlord is a man of high estimation among his friends, whether he receive money or only thanks for his provision; and even an attentive servant or waiter is a person we always speak of with considerable respect, and reward liberally.

It does not, however, often happen that a whole company are unanimous in their commendations of what is set before them. Some men, who live only to eat, and whose entire happiness is in the indulgence of appetite, acquire a fastidiousness which it is very difficult to provide against. They are critics of great precision in all affairs of the kitchen; and such accurate judges of hours and minutes for dressing various articles, as to be able to detect the smallest error, whether it lean to the side of doing too much or doing too little. They are profoundly skilled in the art of making a joint brown, show infinite sagacity in the ingredients of a sauce, and can see farther into an oven than the most expert bakers. Their penetration wonderfully extends to the depths of a tureen, and they discover a knowledge of cuts, which baffles the research of many a philosopher.

Versed in the theory as well as the practice of eating, it is not easy to impose upon their sensitive appetites; and when an attempt is made to substitute an inferior article, it is impossible to controul their passions.

Some of these characters are to be found in all promiscuous companies; and although their precision and strictness be not much admired, and is never recommended for imitation, yet they are considered as very useful members of society, acting in the very necessary offices of scrutineers of the cooks, and comptrollers of the kitchen. It is a maxim with them that good-nature and credulity spoil a great many cooks; and consequently a great many dinners; and that the errors of the spit, the dripping pan, or the skillet, are not to be overlooked as trivial matters; the perfection of cookery being intimately connected with human happiness. Hence they censure with great severity that easiness of temper which would calmly submit to be served with an over-roasted fowl, and look with contempt on the man who would eat his fish without being morally certain that they had been alive that morning at Billingsgate.

Let it not be supposed, however, that persons of this character merit the name of ill-natured. The effusion of passionate expressions arises merely from their wishing to partake of, and impart to their friends, that vast portion of happiness which attends the enjoyment of a good dinner; and merely shows that they are better judges than other men of all that constitutes a joyous meal.

The influence of a good dinner in promoting happiness, is now established by universal custom. It is the chain that binds large as well as small societies together; and we never hear of a society or club meeting to discuss the business of such society or club, without first discussing the merits of a good dinner. All charitable plans are first announced to the world by means of a dinner. What laying a foundation stone is to the builder, such is a dinner to the projectors of any scheme of public charity or utility; and the annual or biennial repetition of it, becomes absolutely necessary in promoting the welfare of the plan. It has, indeed, been found in a variety of circumstances, that men are better after dinner than before; and that the heart as well as the stomach receives considerable improvement from a full meal. It is likewise discovered that men are never so inclined to make others happy as when they are happy themselves; and, consequently, as a good dinner produces the latter effect, it must also produce the former. It would certainly be a very awkward circumstance, if there were no exceptions to this rule: that would be reducing man too much to the state of a machine, and establishing a connexion between the soul and body rather too intimate. No; although the case be very general, yet I am convinced there are many whose public spirit does not depend on their appetite; and who do not require the *bark* to give them either an appetite, or humanity, or patriotism. But still the happiness which a good dinner generally diffuses is too well ascertained not to justify those who endeavour to make that happiness diffusive.

From these considerations, that is, from the efficacy of a good dinner in promoting human hap-

piness, I have been induced to think that our markets are more strictly *national* blessings than has commonly been supposed; that a time of scarcity is a time of misery in more respects than one; and that professors of the art of cookery are to be considered in a higher light than we have been wont to allow. We may, indeed, consider our kitchens as schools of morality, and our culinary utensils as the elements of happiness. And hence, I hope, that as landlords, waiters, and cooks, must ere now have discovered of what importance they are in the world, they will endeavour to heighten their art, and carry it beyond the possibility of error or imperfection. As the poet says,

'Beauty from order springs: the judging eye
Will tell you if one single plate's awry;
The cook must still regard the present time,
T' omit what's just in season is a crime.'

We are therefore under great obligations to those learned persons who have considered the labours of the kitchen as not unworthy to be illustrated by the pen, and have presented the world with large octavos of receipts and directions which, duly followed, cannot fail to diffuse happiness around our tables. These publications I understand have a very great sale; and I don't wonder at it. The wonder would be, if rational beings should ever prove inattentive to what makes them happy. The question of dressing from books has been well adjusted by the poet I have just quoted, who says,

'Tis a sage question if the art of cooks
Is lodg'd by nature, or attain'd by books:
That man will never frame a noble treat
Whose whole dependence lies on some receipt.
Then by pure nature every thing is spoil'd,
She knows no more than stew'd, bak'd, roast, and boil'd.
When art and nature join, th'effect will be
Some nice ragoo, or charming fricasee.'

It being then an established point, that our dependence on a good dinner is great and momentous, I hope it will follow, that we improve this fact in a more enlarged way than has yet been done; and that persons intending to quarrel, dispute, or perhaps fight with one another, will first be advised to dine together; and if after that their passions still rankle, I should be much disposed to put them under the care of some of the faculty. Were I to see a man the same kind of creature after as before dinner, I should not hesitate to suppose that his appetite was bad, and that he ought to take a course of stomachic medicines. This is a hint, I hope, too valuable to be lost; for I am persuaded that the cause of many serious and fatal disputes is, that men do not digest their differences or their dinners; and that nothing is so likely to bring a quarrel to a duel, as pursuing the subject upon an empty stomach. And what very much confirms my notion is, the well-known fact that almost all duels of the fatal kind have been fought early in the morning.

I am not certain, likewise, whether, if a dinner were introduced into a certain great assembly, it might not prevent much asperity of debate, and bring about unanimity of parties; for they would then have at least one subject which might be discussed *nem. con.*, but this I leave to their superior judgment,

And am, sir, yours, &c.

APICIUS.

HARRIET VERNON;

OR,

CHARACTERS FROM REAL LIFE.

A NOVEL.

In a Series of Letters.

BY A LADY.

[Continued from p. 298.]

LETTER LXIX.

Mr. Wentworth to Mr. Johnson.

I HOPE, dear Johnson, I shall no more have occasion to trouble you with such letters as my last: I flatter myself a real change has taken place in the disposition of my wife, effected by my behaviour, which I will relate as I promised in my last.

[Mr. Wentworth then proceeds to an account of what the reader has already seen in the preceding letter to lady Amaranth.]

From this conversation I hoped to work on that affection and generosity I could not but suppose she possessed. You see I was not deceived. From her youth I have every thing to hope; and as I now entertain no doubt of her preference of me, I will, by a legal marriage, put it out of my power to disappoint the flattering reliance she has placed on my honour. She has, of her own accord, promised to relinquish all connexion with lady Stanley; and that if any other letters arrive from lord Dormont, she will put them into my hand, and I shall dictate the answer. I shall take no step whatever with this man; vanity, I am persuaded, was the only motive by which my wife was actuated in her behaviour towards him; I now think I may yet be happy in the married state; I know this agreeable turn in my affairs will give you pleasure; and now, my good friend, I will take advantage of your kind offer of spending a few days with me, when you shall, if you please, dispose of Mrs. Wentworth's hand in a manner agreeable to all parties.

Till then I remain
My dear Johnson's sincere friend,
C. WENTWORTH.

LETTER LXX.

Miss Vernon to Mrs. West.

Windsor.

Dear Madam,

I THOUGHT before this I should have returned to Mrs. Wilson; but Mrs. Ambrose has been so very pressing in her wishes for me to stay, that I could not resist. The colonel, too—what have I not read in his kind, his sensible looks? His intentions increase toward me every day: he seems to watch all my looks with anxious solicitude. I fear (but why should I fear)? to know what he means. Mrs. Ambrose has just looked in upon me—'Writing, my dear?' said she.—'Yes, madam, to my maternal friend.'

'I will not disturb you, but my brother has proposed a ride.'

'I attend you, dear madam'—and hope my dear Mrs. West will excuse so short a letter from her dutiful and affectionate,

M. VERNON.

P. S. Shall take up my pen again very soon.

LETTER LXXI.

From the same to the same.

Dear Madam,

I RETURNED to Hampstead yesterday, and left my friends at Windsor with regret on their side, and something like it on my own. Ungrateful Maria! What do you mean by that expression? Ah! dear madam, I know not how I feel—I know not how to act. I will not be ungrateful, and yet I know not how to be otherwise.—How incoherently I write! but you will not wonder when I relate the occurrences of yesterday.

I informed you in my last I had discovered an increased tenderness and attention in the colonel's behaviour, and in short I dreaded what by this time you will be prepared to hear—a second offer of his hand. I had avoided as much as possible a private interview; but on my departure I found it was his intention to accompany me to Hampstead.

Mrs. Ambrose took a tender leave of me, in a manner that seemed to signify more than a common adieu. We drove off, and a silence, I believe, equally affecting, took place for some time. I pitied the worldly colonel's confusion: I blamed myself for my reserve. Why, thought I, should I refuse the hand of so worthy a man? A thought of Wentworth shot across my mind—He is lost to me for ever; why should I regret him?

Thus reflecting, at length the dreaded moment arrived. The colonel took my unresisting hand. 'Will my dear Maria pardon my freedom,' said he, 'and answer me a few questions I much wish to ask?'

'Most willingly, sir,' said I—he went on—

'I cannot but be deeply interested in your happiness; I cannot but wish to promote it; it is therefore a question of importance to me to ask, if you have so far overcome late unfortunate events as to suffer a thought of marriage to enter your heart?'

'I will answer your question, sir,' said I, 'with the utmost candour; I find myself daily emerging from that distress and despair which the circumstance you allude to had plunged me into. I acquiesce in the disposal of Providence; but as to marriage, it is at present far from my wish. A single state seems marked out for me, and that I hope to fill with credit, in whatever sphere it maybe.'

'Say not so,' said he, 'whilst it is in your power to make happy a man who loves you with the purest affection.—But I will say no more; your own heart must plead the cause of that man.'

'Ah! sir,' said I, affected by his words and manner,—'I scorn affectation and reserve: I know what you mean to say; and if I thought time and reflection would make me worthy such a heart as yours, I would surrender my own to your disposal.'

'Worthy! my dear Maria,' replied he, in accents of joy; 'how can it be unworthy?'

'Yes, sir, it is unworthy your acceptance, whilst I continue to regret the loss of another. Believe me, if a little time and reflection, as I said before, can erase that regret from my heart, it is yours, and yours only.'

I felt confused, for I thought I had said too much; but on reflection I could not accuse myself. How could I say less to a man of

so much honour, who had formerly acted so generously? He expressed himself in the warmest terms of gratitude for my condescension as he called it, and said he would not urge his cause, but would leave it to time and reflection as I wished. Thus generously treated, I cannot repent the hopes I have given this worthy man, which it is my intention to make good if possible. You, I know, my dear madam, will approve this resolution; but my heart sinks within me when I think of marriage; it is impossible I should think of it with any other man than colonel Ambrose. I am weak and silly, I know I am. How many hundreds of my sex have experienced similar disappointments, and have overcome them? But they had more heroism than your poor Maria. Oh! Reason and virtue, I invoke your powers, but above all do I invoke Superior assistance to steer me in the right course.

Adieu! my dear madam.

Yours most sincerely,

M. VERNON.

LETTER LXXII.

From the same to the same.

I CONCLUDED my last, my dear madam, rather abruptly; but I renew the subject with more composure. I have taken my resolution, I will no more waver. I will be the wife of colonel Ambrose, and endeavour to be worthy the title. I have received two letters from him since my return to this place. To the last I have answered, and consented to the union taking place a few months hence. I cannot just now think of it, although Mr. and Mrs. Wilson urge it. Harriet also joins her wishes for a more speedy conclusion. She, dear girl, is made, she says, completely happy, and I know I shall receive your approbation, and what can I wish for more?

After informing you of these particulars, you will wonder when I tell you that I was yesterday in company with Mr. Wentworth; but you need not wonder at my being confirmed in the resolution of forgetting him, when I relate the conversation that passed. Surely he is a compound of hypocrisy and dissimulation. He and his wife I found had been in town some time. He had come alone that day to transact some business; and called on Mrs. Wilson in the morning. He had, I found, slightly asked for me and my sister; Mrs. Wilson told him that I was returned, and that Harriet had gone the day before to Windsor. She asked him to dine, without paying any regard to my feelings, as I hinted to her. However, I was resolved to command them, and an uncommon stock of spirits did I summon to my aid. I thought he appeared particularly grave, and, upon my asking for his wife, confused, and at a loss to answer.

After dinner we went into the garden; and Mrs. Wilson being soon tired, she returned to the house. Mr. Wilson was not at home;—without being particular I could not avoid walking wit[h] him: I felt a little embarrass[ed] being for the first time alone [with] him, and I thought he loo[ked as] if he wished to engage me. [I re]solved to conceal my th[oughts,] affected an easy air, but perha[ps] ... subject ... ver[y]

if Mrs. Wentworth was not much admired in London, for I was informed she possessed uncommon beauty. Yes, he said, she had many admirers, but he feared admiration of that sort tended only to corrupt the mind of the person to whom it was addressed: he had rather his wife was admired more for modesty and discretion than elegance and beauty.

'True,' said I, growing more bold; 'and I had rather my lover was more noted for honour and constancy than wit and riches.'

'You, my dear madam,' said he, with the most unblushing countenance, can never experience the former in any one you honour with that appellation.'—

Complete impudence! thought I, but you shall not triumph.

'As for that,' said I, and bridled as I spoke, 'the inconstancy of lovers is so common, that the theme is worn threadbare; but a sensible woman cannot regret the inconstancy that has rid her of an engagement to a man devoid of honour and generosity.'

I was very bold to say so much, but I am glad I did, for he seemed affected. He made me no answer, but sighed deeply. — Ah! thought I, no more of those sighs, or my fortitude will forsake me.

Why did he sigh? Perhaps he repents his conduct, but I will not think so lest I should pity him; and I would not now pity ...m for the world.

... was going to speak but ...ed himself; at length he ... 'If I am not impertinent I ... ask—I heard—I heard you ...ing to be married; Mr. ... was my informer.'

...med c... ...ll he ... ...as-surance to hint at such a thing? His confusion gave me courage; I smiled; but not from my heart. 'Very likely, sir,' said I, 'some time hence: I have not taken a vow of celibacy, I assure you.'

'He hoped not,' he said, and sighed again.—The deuce take your sighs, thought I, what do you mean by them? We had talked enough; for I found I could not trust myself to look in his deceitful face, and proposed returning to Mrs. Wilson. He did not oppose it. Soon after, Mr. Wilson returned from his party where he had dined, and after tea my gentleman took his leave, which I was glad of, and dreaded lest they would ask him for the evening.

So much for this subject, which I think I shall never write on again. My attention shall now be wholly engrossed by colonel Ambrose: to make myself worthy of him, shall now be my study. I see Wentworth is unhappy; I suppose his wife is gay and extravagant; no matter, his unhappiness is his own seeking; he is undeserving pity, as is the case with every man who sacrifices to the shrine of interest what is due to honour and affection.

Mrs. Wilson is much as usual in health and temper. I have nothing new to say of her to entertain or inform you. Beaumont we hear is still abroad, and I suppose will continue there: so much the better. Harriet is perfectly recovered from all regret on his account; is well and happy.

I hope the favour of a line from you soon; and will now conclude myself your obliged and ever

Faithful,

M. VERNON.

LETTER LXXIII.

Lord Dormont to Mr. Villers.

CONGRATULATE me, Bob! I am a lucky fellow at last. But I will inform thee without preambuling, as the girls say.—

My last letter informed you of the means I made use of to procure money from my married charmer; my professions of love, adoration, and all that nonsense, had no other motive, for I was too prudent to involve myself in an intrigue with the wife of a young man of spirit; but as my ill stars would have it, the matter was discovered by the husband, and the lady hurried into the country: poor I left to expect a challenge, or exposure to the world. To my great astonishment, however, I found neither my courage nor character attacked, and was congratulating myself with my past success (for I had touched some hundreds), and bemoaning the improbability of any in future, when lo! my sister came to my lodgings with a letter from my charmer, the contents of which threw me into joy and wonder. It was to ask her opinion on the subject of her marriage with Wentworth, the ceremony of which was performed in India by a Romish priest, agreeable to her own religion—Pretty soul! I did not know she was a Roman catholic. The matter was clear enough: I wanted nothing more than to unmarry her. But the plague of it all was, the little gipsy had not said a word about fortune, or whether she was in that respect independent of Wentworth. She despised her husband and loved me; of this I was before convinced; if I had not, her writing to my sister was sufficient. But it was not my plan to marry a beautiful beggar, and yet I must be sure she was so before I relinquished the thoughts of her. What was to be done? If I wrote to her and entreated her acceptance, she might throw herself pennyless on my hands, and the biter, as the proverb says, would be bitten. And if I ventured to inquire into her circumstances, she might call my love in question.

After revolving many schemes, we resolved to procure an interview if possible, by which means I might be able to draw from her what I wished to know. Accordingly I wrote to her trusty maid, inclosing a letter for her mistress, which I knew she would deliver:—as it is an original, and you may need instruction in the art of writing love-letters, I inclose a copy of it:—

'My dearest Angel!

'This moment I am favoured by my sister with a sight of your letter.—Heavens! what do I read!—you were married by a Romish priest. Then, madam, you are not the legal wife of Mr. Wentworth, nor will I survive the day that makes you so. The knowledge of this circumstance has inspired me with a hope which I would not relinquish for the universe. Ah! loveliest of women! can you guess what my feeble pen cannot express? All I will now petition for is an interview in the presence of my sister, if your delicacy will allow no other; I will then throw myself at your feet, and unveil my heart before you; that heart that beats only for your sake. I add no more—Life or death depends on your compliance with the above request of your adoring

'DORMONT.'

Having dispatched this elegant epistle, I waited with impatience an answer. In two days my trusty Jenny conveyed me one; it was only three lines, to say she would meet me at my sister's the following day, Mr. Wentworth being fortunately engaged a few miles from home, and appointed two o'clock.

She came, accompanied by her maid. I threw myself at her feet, as I had promised, and poured forth such a profusion of vows of love, gratitude, and everlasting attachment, as would have won the hearts of all the pretty women in England—No vanity of my own, Bob! these were my sister's expressions. She was not insensible to my passion, but received it as her due with a haughtiness of air that might have disgusted a real lover. It was now time to come to the point; I made at a venture the bold stroke of pressing our marriage; my sister joined, but at the same time sighed so profoundly as to rouse my attention—'Wherefore that sigh, my sweet sister?' said I.—'Alas!' said she, 'I am reflecting on your situation. In case you marry, how are you to be supported?'

'Talk not of that: blessed in each other, what is all besides?—What say you, charming Letitia? will you encounter the frowns of fortune with the man who lives only for you?'

She hesitated.—The devil! thought I: this fine theory is to be put in practice, you think? I waited impatiently for her answer, which was to decide my conduct—'Why does my angel hesitate? Alas! she fears to encounter difficulties I despise—Cruel Letitia! what will become of the wretch before you? My fate is suspended on your lips—Oh! speak, and relieve me from this torturing suspense.'

In this absurd manner did I run on—she seemed to enjoy my affected agitation; at length, she softly replied, 'It is best as it is; I must remain the wife of Mr. Wentworth; I cannot throw myself into your protection without the means of living.'

Here was a stroke!—How was I to answer? Perplexed to death how to get off from such violent protestations, I fell into still more; I raved, and swore all the powers of heaven and earth should not oppose our union. My sister looked frighted; she fell on her knees to Mrs. Wentworth, and entreated her to retire till I should be composed: a happy thought; for whilst my charmer was withdrawn, I had an opportunity of doing the same, and she never would have heard any more of me or my attitudes. But my good genius had ordered it otherwise.—

'No,' exclaimed Mrs. Wentworth, to the astonishment of my sister and myself, 'I have heard enough; I have proved him enough; he is worthy my hand and fortune. Know, then, that my father's will before my marriage bequeathed his effects equally between Mr. Wentworth and me; the same law that disannuls our marriage will, doubtless, put me in possession of my fortune, which, I believe, will amount to fifty thousand pounds.'

Think of the extasy I now felt.—I thought it best to disguise it a little, and protested it added not a single atom to the joy I felt to call her mine. My thoughtful sister observed, that 'she supposed the payment of Mrs. Wentworth's fortune could not be demanded till she came of age.'

'O yes,' she replied, 'immediately from the day of her father's death; such were the words of the will.'

All I had now to do was to make her mine as soon as possible. I could not think of her returning home, lest by ill-luck my schemes should now be frustrated. After some entreaties, much more than was necessary, we prevailed on her to return no more to Hampstead, but to set off for Scotland the next morning. We did so, accompanied by my sister, and trusty Jenny.

As soon as I had, by the help of the blacksmith, secured her mine, I wrote a short letter to Wentworth, demanding, as her husband, the payment of her fortune. I am expecting an answer every day. I have now been married three days, and shall remain here till affairs are settled; for, to say the truth, I fear returning till I have cash to defray certain troublesome people, who think they have a greater right to my wardrobe than I have. — When I get possession of the cash, which I understand is in the funds, I shall lay down my plan of living; and of that you shall be informed in due time by your friend,

HENRY DORMONT.

LETTER LXXIV.

Mr. Wentworth to Mr. Johnson.

Dear Johnson,

WHAT is the reason you delay paying me the expected visit? It is many days I have been expecting you; I am impatient to perform my promise of reuniting myself to my wife; I would not give her the shadow of a reason to suppose I wished to defer it. Give me a line by first post to say the day you will come, or assign a good reason for your delay.

I was informed lately by Mr. Wilson, that miss Vernon is on the point of marriage with colonel Ambrose. I was surprised to hear this, as he was not the person she meant in her letter to me. I asked no questions of Mr. Wilson; but, from a conversation I had two days ago with the young lady, I thought she had met with a disappointment: if that be the case, I am glad to find she has recovered it sufficiently to marry colonel Ambrose, who I am certain, from his excellent character and amiable accomplishments, is deserving of her. I can truly say, with regard to myself, that if my wife returns to her duty and affection, which I have now reason to think she will, I shall not regret miss Vernon being the wife of another. Hoping in a few days to be favoured with your company, I add no more but that I am yours truly,

CHARLES WENTWORTH.

LETTER LXXV.

Mr. Johnson to Miss H. Vernon.

Madam,

THE liberty I take in writing to you will find an apology in the subject, and it is your prudence and advice must guide my conduct respecting the inclosed letters I have received from my friend Mr. Wentworth, which I must beg you to peruse before you proceed any further in this.

You have now, madam, the whole affair in view. After the

conversation we had at Hampstead, I thought it proper I should lay these letters before you, and by no means take the step my visit to Mr. Wentworth may lead to without your knowledge and approbation: in so doing, I hope I am not guilty of a breach of confidence to my friend; the case is singular, and I must speak my sentiments on it previous to the answer I hope to receive from you.

When I had the pleasure of seeing you at Hampstead, and clearing in your eyes the honour of my friend, in respect to his conduct with your amiable sister, I expressed myself in terms of disapprobation of Mrs. Wentworth, as a woman I by no means thought calculated to make him happy; but I did not express my suspicion of her being the author of the letter of refusal falsely ascribed to your sister, I would hardly suffer myself to suspect: the bare possibility of her innocence was sufficient to deter me from an aspersion so infamous; but my own observations on her behaviour, and her ill conduct, of which he complains in the first of those letters, left me but little doubt of the reality of my suspicion; I therefore hesitated not to give him the advice I did, that by availing himself of the laws of his country, he might emancipate himself from a connexion that appeared to me so unpromising for happiness. I pleased myself with the probable consequences that might arise from this disunion, and was on the point of writing to you on the subject, when I received the second letter from my friend. But, whilst I highly respected the sentiments contained in that letter, I could not but regret the application of them to so unworthy an object. I was still of opinion, that their disunion was the only mean of establishing his happiness: a few posts brought me the third letter, to which I have not yet replied, nor shall I until I have your opinion. I confess I have no dependence on the reformation of Mrs. Wentworth, but rather look on the sudden alteration as the effect of necessity, or the project of some new scheme. Perhaps I am uncandid; but my anxiety for my friend must plead my excuse; a worthier heart does not exist, and he deserves for a wife one of the most amiable of women. Think, then, what I must suffer, and what violence I must do my feelings, if I obey his request of presenting him the hand I do not think will ever be deserving his acceptance, more especially as I know in the person of your sister the only woman who is entitled to his vows. In short, I wish you to reflect on the propriety of an *eclaircissement* before it be too late: your sister's happiness, as well as my friend's, may be at stake. I presume she is about to marry colonel Ambrose, under the impression of ill-treatment from Mr. Wentworth. What effect a future developement of this secret may have, I cannot pretend to determine. I add no more; leaving it to your superior discernment to adopt the conduct best to pursue: and am,

Madam, your most obedient,
humble Servant,

J. Johnson.

LETTER LXXVI.

Miss H. Vernon in answer.

I HOLD myself, sir, extremely obliged to you for your communications of Mr. Wentworth's letters: I perused them with concern, and at an uncertainty how to advise. But conscious of my inability how to act with respect to so material a point, I thought it advisable to lay the whole before Mrs. Ambrose and the colonel. I had thoughts of waiting your permission, but the compliment you paid me, in leaving to my discernment the conduct of the affair, emboldened me. Mrs. Ambrose is a lady of the best sense and discretion, and the colonel a gentleman of the strictest honour and generosity; in such hands your friend's letters must be sacred. The result of our consultations is, that Mrs. Wentworth has seen her errors, and we have reason to think will reform them; now she has discovered what a generous man she has to deal with. Pardon me, sir, if I charge you with a defect of candour in the case of Mrs. Wentworth. You seem to view her conduct as wholly the result of a depraved mind, without allowing for youth and vanity. Should she lose the protection of Mr. Wentworth as her husband, I fear she would be lost indeed; but under the influence of such a man, she must be baser than I can think possible if she is not reclaimed. In regard to your suspicions I confess they were my own; but as this unwarrantable action may be attributed to excess of love for Mr. Wentworth, does it not admit of a small degree of palliation? It is here she has acted inconsistently with a proper affection;—but youth and vanity will be inconsistent. Upon the whole it is my opinion that they may yet be a happy couple, if they continue as man and wife; but if separated, she will become a prey to gaiety and vanity, and your friend, with his nice and amiable sentiments of honour and rectitude, the prey of regret and disappointment. Were the *eclaircissement* to take place, and Mrs. Wentworth's guilt become apparent, she would indeed lose his confidence and remaining affection; but would this secure his peace? or think you that he would hold himself less married, or more at liberty to marry another? Depend on it his notions are too refined, or I am much mistaken in them, to permit his taking another wife whilst she continued single. Were *she* to marry the case might be different. I say nothing of how my sister would act in such a situation; I have no doubt of her happiness as the wife of colonel Ambrose, and her engagements to him are not now to be broken. But it is not his intention even now to accept her hand without acquainting her with all the particulars respecting Mrs. Wentworth. This resolution he had formed previous to the perusal of your letter to me; and the propriety of it was by that confirmed. He goes to Hampstead to-morrow, with the express purpose of unfolding this secret: Heaven knows how she will act, but whatever she determines, it will be according to the dictates of ingenuousness and honour.

Thus at ease with regard to my sister's future peace, your friend alone, and the good of his wife, are to be considered; and to effect

both, it is my opinion things should remain as they are. As to the re-marriage, I could wish it might not take place immediately; and as she relies on his honour, and professed to prove her contrition by that reliance, I should suppose your influence may effect a delay. You will be a better judge of her sincerity, at least the appearance of it, when you are on the spot.

I am aware that you may accuse the colonel and his sister of interested motives in the above advice, but me you cannot accuse: I can be influenced only by what conduces to the happiness of my sister. That our friend Wentworth may find his in the amiable conduct of his wife, is the sincere wish of,

Sir,
Your obliged,
and obedient Servant,
H. VERNON.

[*To be continued.*]

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,

I THINK it may be said, with very great reason, that a young lady has not had a proper education unless her mind is duly cultivated in the principles of morality; for it must be evident to every person possessing the least sense, that this is not only useful, but highly necessary; and, though most know the advantages arising from a good education, how few pay a proper attention to them! Can any one foolishly suppose that a few superficial attainments render a young lady accomplished in the strict sense of the word? Is it not rather the excellences of the mind, joined to other attainments, that make her so? But can she, without the former, be ever what is called an accomplished woman?—It may not be improper here to state what I think necessary to form one of this character.—I suppose her, in the first place, naturally to possess a benevolent disposition, capable of feeling for the wretched in every situation: such a person will always be liberal and candid in her sentiments, and never prejudiced against any one by the base insinuations of others, yet open to conviction where convincing reasons are offered. Her mind will be adorned with true religion and virtue, without the exterior ostentation, or rather affectation, of either. In all companies her conversation will be agreeable, modest, and entertaining, never sporting with the failings of others, after the selfish and sneering manner of little minds, the bane of domestic peace, and destroyers of every social pleasure. Very different will be her conduct: she will wish to palliate defects, being sensible that human nature is liable to levity and indiscretion; and she will therefore make every allowance that reason dictates to an enlightened mind with generosity and good sense. To her superiors she will be respectful—to her inferiors affable. She will be sincere in her friendships, modest in her behaviour, and polite to all. Thus she is amiable; but when to these good qualities is joined a taste for music, drawing, or any other polite art or science, she may very justly be called accomplished; and I am convinced there are many ladies who might easily be so, even supposing little or no personal

charms, by taking very small pains to acquire what would render them superior to the finest beauty whose mind is barren and uncultivated. Beauty is what most women wish, and I will allow very great advantages to her who possesses it when attended with a cultivated mind; but if otherwise, she is, as it were, placed in an elevated situation, which will only render her faults more conspicuous. The man who marries a person of this description can scarcely ever be happy; since it is evident that nothing but a passion founded on esteem, with a singularity of temper, can render the married state agreeable. The accomplished woman, having her accomplishments grounded on good sense and virtue, will always be a pleasing and valuable companion, and what is still better, a sincere and valuable friend. To make her husband happy and contented will ever be her wish, not to say her greatest pleasure. He, if a man of the least sense or generosity, will make a suitable return by a tender, grateful, and endearing behaviour to her from whom he enjoys such genuine, such transcendent happiness. Endeavour, therefore, ye fair ones, to improve in those things which are worthy to be pursued; cultivate your minds, and employ your time, not in coquetry and trifling pursuits, but in attaining mental improvement, whilst in your prime. Have continually in your recollection the excellent observations of La Bruyere:—'Every hour, in itself, as it respects us, is the only hour which is ours; when once it is past it is entirely lost; millions of ages cannot retrieve it. Days, months, and years are fled away, and are irrecoverably lost in the abyss of time. Time itself shall be destroyed: it is but one point in the immense space of eternity: it shall be razed out. There are several light and frivolous circumstances of time; such as fashions, grandeur, favour, riches, power, authority, dependence, pleasure, joy, and superfluity. What will become of these fashions, when time itself shall disappear? Virtue alone, though least in favour, will be able to survive them.' E. W.

THE

ELVILLE FAMILY SECRETS.

A NOVEL.

[*Continued from p.* 261.]

WITH lady Elville they viewed the various alterations the castle had undergone since last they saw it.

She pointed out to them every particular object worthy of notice, in so kind a manner, as entirely to remove the idea of that haughtiness of character they had been led to believe she possessed, and which they might expect as the wife of the ambitious Edward.

But to return to the castle.—Every part exhibited a warlike appearance. The unfurled banner proudly waving over the massy walls; the strong outworks, the numerous bands of soldiery stationed around, excited their surprise, as the borderers of both countries had of late been on very amicable terms. They therefore concluded, which really was the case, that it was merely to say that 'Edward of Elville inhabited an impregnable fortress.'

With a kind of melancholy pleasure (which the remembrance

of former scenes brings to our minds) the countess visited every well-known spot: Elfrida's apartments in the western tower were not forgotten.—Edward returned just as they were preparing to depart.

Consistent with his inflexibility of disposition, he expressed his indignation at their going to Scotland, desiring them to visit him no more. He refused them a pass to cross the borders, saying, 'they were so well guarded they could get over without.' But in spite of his ill nature they proceeded on their journey, and bribed a poor fisherman, who conveyed them over the water unmolested.

They arrived at Dunbar-house, the residence of lady Glendarn, in perfect safety; and, without having their names announced, were ushered into the apartments, where, habited in sable weeds, sat the once gay and beautiful Elfrida Elville. Matilda started back—all that remained of her former loveliness was a tall emaciated figure!—Her fine hair was white with grief; her once beauteous eyes, which sparkled with animation on every beholder, had now lost their brilliancy, and were sunk in their sockets, overflowing with tears. Matilda, too, was much changed.—Thus were both sisters surprised at the ravages time had made in their forms and faces:—

Lady Glendarn arose, and, looking stedfastly on them, faintly articulated the name of Matilda! who was hastening to her, when she drew back, and exclaimed—'Can I embrace that sister who has so many years ceased to remember me; who, to the numberless letters I have written, never returned one friendly line—one word of consolation, in all my trouble?'—Here she shed a flood of tears, which, together with her sable garb, convinced them that her husband was no more. An explanation ensued on the part of Matilda, concerning her not writing, which entirely removed all doubts, as her letters must have been intercepted.

That instant the door opened, and an elegant-looking youth made his appearance, so much the counterpart of Glendarn, that all inquiries who he was were useless. He welcomed them in the most engaging manner possible.—His armour, together with his plaid carelessly thrown over his shoulder, could not conceal the symmetry of his limbs. His bonnet was placed on one side his head, so as to expose the whiteness of his fine forehead. The countess, for a moment, could have fancied it was Glendarn himself, suing for protection in the forest; for just so he looked at that time, never to be forgotten by those who loved him.—He said, 'he had left the troops and his brother near Tweedsmuir, hastening thither purposely to inquire after the health of his mother and sisters.'

After a short pause, lady Glendarn led him to her sister, while tears rolled down her cheeks—'Did you ever,' said she, 'know a person this young man resembles?'—'Yes,' said the countess, 'I did; in the forest of Morden we met him.'—These words recalled many a tender remembrance forcibly to her breast; her very soul hung over the recollection: she wept for some minutes:—'Alike in feature and stature,' she exclaimed, 'and Randolph is his name. Heaven will, I hope, protect him from the dangers and death of his poor father!'—She

lifted up her hand in silent agony as if supplicating a blessing on her son.

When the poignancy of her feelings had a little abated, they begged her to give a concise detail of all her troubles since she left England; she reluctantly consented, saying, 'since Heaven had granted her such a pleasure, as once more to see friends so dear to her heart, she ought not to refuse such a request, although it would tear open the wounds of her lacerated bosom.' She commenced by execrating her brother Edward, saying, 'he was the most cruel man she had ever met with, in all her travels round this world of care.'— Scarcely could she proceed in those parts which related to her husband. —'You already know,' said she, 'the manner in which I escaped from my parents; you well know where I first met Glendarn: fond remembrance could dwell on that spot till my soul took its flight to join him in another and a better world! —Ah! I was then very young; a novice in the great school of life; a stranger to the vices of mankind: I had a breast susceptible of every soft emotion. The sublime and beautiful inflame minds like mine to enthusiasm—I thought Glendarn the very model of perfection. With him I thought it must be impossible to feel uneasiness; no vicissitude of life could disconcert me, blest with such a companion!—The storm which drove us shipwrecked on the coast, could have no influence over my spirits, while Glendarn was near. We soon surmounted all dangers, and reached Montmorency castle in safety. There the stings of remorse, for cruelty in clandestinely leaving my parents, first reached me. Poor Ethric's illness concerned me much; his death, notwithstanding the presence of Glendarn, left me inconsolable. An apparition, which I had first seen near the ruins in Elville park, haunted me, after our return from France. One night I can never forget: as I was walking in a wood near our house, waiting the return of my husband, the same venerable figure passed me:—his radiant countenance, beaming with benignity, regarded me with particular attention. I thought his features bore the resemblance of my uncle Ethric, in the picture which often had given me so much uneasiness; and such I truly found him. He said that he had long wished to discover himself to me, although the solitude he had inhabited was rendered dear to him, as it contained the ashes of his Adelaide. He related all his sad adventures to me, and gave me a considerable sum of money for the use of my family; I begged him to take up his residence with me, but no entreaties could prevail on him to leave the spot he then inhabited. He returned to his seclusion, where he remained till his death. Glendarn often visited him in disguise; and, by his desire, saw his corpse interred in the ruins, by the side of his beloved Adelaide. What anxiety it cost me when my husband was absent, for fear my cruel brother should meet with him! His aged father, too, good old man! participated in all my uneasiness, but now I am bereft of him. Heaven sent me a son to comfort me, who, under the able tuition of his father, is become a good soldier, and an honour to his

country: I wish I could say the same of his brother. Never was the remembrance of my family absent from my mind. Your unkindness was a source of great uneasiness to me; yet I feared some treachery was practised. You could never treat me unkindly.

'But now comes the most trying period of my life. One fatal evening, which will never be erased from this bosom till every vision of this changing scene shall be forgotten, my son and I were walking over the morass to meet my beloved husband, as was my custom when he was absent;—the night was overcast and gloomy; the owlet wailed over our heads; —every object appeared ominous of ill:—the sound of horses' feet, bounding along with great velocity, met our ears.—Two men approached; they stopped; it was Glendarn, and his faithful friend Burns, pale, and almost breathless from the speed with which they had rode: the moon that moment darted from behind a cloud, and showed me their faces, livid and ghastly, and disfigured with blood, which was sprinkled also on different parts of their apparel. I shrieked out; they begged me to be silent: Glendarn alighted, put his son upon his horse, desiring him to proceed with his faithful companion, while he walked with me, and related all that had happened: alas! he was scarce able to walk; but summoned all his strength to his aid, not to alarm me. His hand felt clammy and trembling as he grasped mine; yet he reached the house tolerably well, but, exhausted by anguish, he fell on the floor. A contusion in his head, which was before bound up, now streamed fresh with blood; and he was with difficulty conveyed to his bed. I franticly demanded of his young companion what had happened; when he informed me, that they had been waylaid by the partisans of Edward of Elville, near the mountains of Tweedsmuir. He had assaulted them disguised in Scotch habits; they had mistaken the assailants for their own soldiers, which gave them a better opportunity of attacking them. This the ferocious Edward did by aiming a deadly blow at poor Glendarn's throat, which Burns prevented from proving fatal, by that instant striking his arm, which made him drop his truncheon to the ground ere he gave the meditated blow.—"We soon," said he, "brought four to the earth, and the others on their knees sued for quarter: Edward, finding the fray go against him, much exasperated, galloped away, joining some comrades at a distance, and was returning again to the attack, when we, fearing numbers must overpower us, hastened home, where you met with us." What distress it occasioned me you may easily conceive, to think such generous, kind-hearted men should suffer by my relatives. The name of Elville was almost hateful to me: Glendarn never recovered either his health or spirits after that time.—A few months afterward he returned home one evening, after an engagement with some straggling English, pale, sad, and dispirited. I thought the gallant Burns was no more, by his returning alone;—that he was ill, was all that he could utter. At length I, by degrees, found that he was taken prisoner. "The colours of Elville proudly waved over the vanquished hero," he exclaimed: "I could not have released him

without lifting my arm against your brother Sydney, who promised not to treat him dishonourably. I only fled to comfort you; for rather had I shared his fate but on your account." I shuddered at the idea of Edward's vengeance, but the law of nations restrains him from murdering a prisoner in cold blood.

'Two or three days relieved our suspense: we received a letter from himself, informing us that he was treated well, and that in his conqueror he had discovered the kindest, the most disinterested of mankind, who would liberate him only on condition of retaining his friendship. Unfortunate young man! he returned to Scotland, enraptured with you, Matilda; every look, every gesture was exactly described; he could think and talk but of my sister. His indulgent mistress saw with anguish his growing passion: she dreaded the consequences, knowing his disposition, confident if once a heart like his ever loved, it was to enthusiasm. He entreated her permission to visit under a fictitious name several parts of England he had never seen; she, who refused him nothing, reluctantly consented. How altered from this time was he who added life and vivacity to every circle. He was now absent and reserved; sometimes even dejected. His mother attributed it to his love for Matilda, whom he so much extolled, and their impossibility of ever being united, as she knew too well the inflexibility of the earl of Elville. She vainly endeavoured by change of scene to drive away melancholy, by diverting his thoughts from the object of his affection, but that was impossible; it was wrapped around his very vitals: nought could obliterate the loved remembrance of you a moment from his mind.'—

Matilda was much affected by this renewal of the remembrance of the unfortunate Burns; she wept aloud, yet begged her sister to proceed.—

'When he returned to Scotland,' continued she, 'he mentioned your solemn vows to marry no other. He went to France full of that assurance; neither tears nor entreaties could prevail on him to stay at home. His mother was almost distracted; but he insisted on accompanying your brother, his gallant deliverer, as he always called him. At length, finding all her entreaties were vain, she took her leave of him, firmly persuaded she should see him no more. That fatal day Glendarn, to drive away unpleasant thoughts which would obtrude on leaving his friend, promised to meet a hunting party in the grounds of lord Duncan, adjoining Teviotdale. I arose early. Already were the grey mists of morning dispersing on the steeps of Tweedsmuir. I cast my eyes around the charming landscape my chamber window afforded: I felt an irresistible impulse to attend him part of the journey, as I always had my fears about me whenever he went out. He awoke from a profound slumber with evident marks of uneasiness on his brow. "My dear Elfrida," said he, "I have had a very remarkable dream, which has left such a heaviness on my spirits, I scarcely know how to fulfil my engagement." I entreated him to recollect himself: he, whom no danger could alarm, to be disconcerted by a dream! I said, with some warmth,—"Indeed I never before thought you so supersti-

tious." Never can I forget the look he cast on me; I felt it to my heart. I was sorry for thus reproving him—I left the room to conceal my tears. I could not stop long away. His melancholy inclination had long given me much uneasiness; but how was it increased on my return, on finding the table strewed with papers relative to his personal property and estates! He endeavoured to conceal his thoughts by assuming a tranquil air, but I directly perceived how ill it was feigned. "My dear Elfrida," he said, "I was looking over my papers to see if, in case of my demise, provision was made for yourself and youngest son. Life is at all times uncertain, therefore it behoves every man who has property to dispose of, to do it while in good health. That day must come to all, God knows how soon! A good soldier never has his ammunition to provide when the trumpet sounds to a charge."—Heaven knows, to ease his mind, I acquiesced in the justness of his observation. I then begged to know what this terrifying dream was, which had made such an impression on his mind.'

(To be continued.)

LONDON FASHIONABLE DRESSES.

1. A short dress of plain white sarcenet; the sleeves puckered or gathered full into a band of chinelle trimming; the front made high, puckered, and hemmed, to correspond with the sleeves: over the dress a vest of jonquil muslin or crape, worked in a rich antique border, with brown silks, is fastened on one side to the front with a rich broach, and on the other it hangs loose. Hair dressed in bands, confined with a gold fillet and three spiral curls on each side, à la Grec; white or yellow silk shoes; white kid gloves.

2. A plain round morning dress of white spotted or striped cambric muslin, escaloped and worked round the bottom; a gipsy hat of fine straw or chip, tied under the chin with a lilac handkerchief: a lilac silk scarf, trimmed with white lace: lilac or grey shoes.

ACCOUNT of the NEW PLAY entitled 'The AFRICANS; or, WAR, LOVE, and DUTY,' performed for the first time at the Theatre Royal in the Haymarket, on Friday, July 29.

The CHARACTERS were thus represented:—

Farulho, (the Priest) -	Mr. Thompson.
Torribal, - - - -	Mr. Farley.
Madiboo, - - - -	Mr. Fawcett.
Selico, - - - - -	Mr. Young.
Demba Sego Jalla, (King of Kasson) -	Mr. Palmer, Jun.
Daucari, - - - -	Mr. Carles.
Fetterwell, - - - -	Mr. Grove.
Marrowbone, - - -	Mr. Menage.
Henry Augustus Mug,	Mr. Liston.
Mandingo Warriors,	Mr. Male. Mr. Cooke. Mr. Treby. Mr. Truman.
Executioners, - -	Mr. Atkins. Mr. Noble.
English Merchants,	Messrs. Wharton, Stokes, &c.
Berissa, - - - - -	Mrs. Gibbs.
Darina, - - - - -	Mrs. St. Leger.
Sutta, - - - - - -	Mrs. Liston.

Foulahs, Mandingoes, Warriors, Dancers, Musicians, Attendants, &c.

SCENE—*The Town of Tattaconda, in Bondou; a District of Africa possessed by the Foulahs.*

THE FABLE.

DARINA, a widow of the Foulah tribe, is left with three

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.

London Fashionable Dresses.

sons, Selico, Madiboo, and Torribal. Selico is betrothed to Berissa, the daughter of Farulho, the priest; and when on the eve of marriage, the ceremony is interrupted by an irruption of the Mandingoes into the town of Tatteconda. Then commences the first conflict between 'war, love, and duty.' Selico, torn by contending passions, at length flies to the succour of his mother, whom he finds, with his two brothers, who had taken refuge from the barbarity and massacre of the Mandingoes, in the neighbouring woods. Here they are reduced to encounter the dreadful calamity of famine; to alleviate which, Selico obtains a reluctant consent from his brother, Madiboo, to take him for sale to the slave market, temporarily instituted by the king of the Mandingoes, and to apply the produce to the relief of their mother's distress.—The slave merchants objecting to the weakness of Selico, he proposes to Madiboo (his brother), as a last resource, that he shall deliver him up to the Mandingo monarch, as a slave who had escaped from his tent, and for whose apprehension a reward is offered of 400 ounces of gold. An interesting struggle ensues between the brothers; Madiboo is at length prevailed upon; and the wretched Selico, wearied with life, as he thinks his mistress Berissa has perished in the massacre with her father Farulho, is delivered up to the sanguinary monarch of Mandingo, who instantly orders him to the stake. A funeral pile is also prepared for a female slave, who has resisted the amorous advances of the tyrant. The wretched criminals are brought out, and, at the dreadful moment when the fatal torch is about to be applied, they mutually recognise each other as Selico and Berissa (the two lovers). An affecting appeal is made to the humanity of the Mandingo, but he continues unrelenting, until the appearance of the venerable priest and the agonised mother, whose united solicitations so work upon his savage nature, that he at last grants a general amnesty, and consents to the union of Selico and Berissa. The distress of the piece is relieved by the whimsical adventures of Mr. Henry Augustus Mug, an ivory-turner of London, who is first shipwrecked on the coast of Africa, is then made a slave to the Foulah tribe, and afterwards arrives at the extraordinary and high-sounding situation of secretary of the foreign department to the black king of the Mandingoes; he has also an affair of the heart with Sutta, a simple yet benevolent African; and they conclude their amour by forming an additional couple in the matrimonial dance.

This piece is the avowed production of Mr. Colman: it is taken from a French novel of M. du Florian, and possesses in a very considerable degree several of those characteristic attributes which distinguish the muse of its author. It blends the pathetic with the gay, and, by the force of contrast, exhibits, in strong and appropriate colours, the energetic burst of feeling, the impressive flow of sentiment, and the jocund effusions of hilarity. A vein of humour, happily adapted to the different situations of the respective characters, enlivens those parts of the performance which, with less skilful management, might drawl, and produce a disagreeable tædium. The senti-

ments are dictated by the purest morality, and not unfrequently conveyed in terms well calculated to captivate the judgment, and affect the heart. Perhaps, in a few of the lighter scenes, a fastidious mind might object to expressions which seem too nearly to approximate to the language of low life; but those, like blots upon the whitest paper, are easily erased. The Pegasus of Mr. Colman is not a dull, lifeless, plodding animal; he is a steed of spirit, full of fire and genius; and, as he gallops with vigour and velocity, it cannot be unpardonable to kick up a little dirt in his progress. In the piece before us, there is not much originality of character; yet the peculiarities of each are nicely discriminated, and the person once introduced upon the stage, acts in a natural and probable manner until the completion of the design.—Mr. Henry Augustus Mug and Sutta bear a very close resemblance to Trudge and Wowski; and we were very happy to see our old favourites look so well in their new habiliments.—Mr. Colman has, with great success, steered his dramatic barque between the sombre heaviness of the German school, and the farcical frivolities which too frequently disgrace the modern drama. He has woven, from the light materials of a French novel, a web in which the different hues of sensibility, terror, affection, and mirth, are so skilfully touched, and so happily varied, that we have no doubt it will wear to the satisfaction of the public, who have already been so highly delighted with the productions of the same loom. In the occasional situations of the characters, technically called the stage-effect, Mr. Colman has evinced great judgment and taste; the agonising conflict of fraternal love, the distress of the mother, and the heart-rending recognition of Selico and Berissa, at the dreadful pyre, are specimens of dramatic ability which must always excite the admiration and applause of a sympathising audience; and though, perhaps, in regularity of plot, and the higher qualifications of the *vis comica*, the play of 'The Africans' may not rank with some of the productions of the same ingenious author, it yet possesses merit so unquestionable, and attractions so powerful, that it may be safely augured the season at the Haymarket will long elapse before its multifarious fascinations have wearied the frequenters of the theatre.

Among the numerous sentiments which excited approbation, were the following:—Selico, in anathematising suicide, passionately exclaims, 'The wretch who slays himself, flies from the eyes of men, and braves his God.' Mr. Henry Augustus Mug ('tis right, as Goldsmith says, to give the whole name), when immured among the sands of Africa, cannot forget his cockney propensities. He jocosely tells the dingy Sutta, that she shall have lodgings on Snow Hill; and, when she wishes his complexion were black as her own, is of opinion that on her arrival in London she will prefer a chimney-sweeper as her admirer, to the lord mayor. He also gives a luxurious description of the dainties of Dolly's chop-house; and would rather be a journeyman shop-keeper, at his snug dinner in the back room, than the archbishop of Africa! When told that the massacres and irruptions of the Mandingoes are considered but

little brushes, he sarcastically inquires 'whether such little brushes make neat sweeps of the inhabitants?' adding, that the general looks as black as the chimney of the London Tavern! He compares the mixture of colours among the inhabitants to those of a back-gammon board, jumbled together at the conclusion of the game; and describing the hardships of slavery, affirms, that his master beat him over the field like a billiard ball over the table, till he pocketed him in a ditch in the corner. In his capacity as foreign secretary, he observes, that, in imitation of his brethren at home, he likes to have pretty pickings (cheese parings and candle ends); and very happily ridicules the pompous phraseology of diplomatic correspondence.

The highest encomiums are due to the different performers, who exerted themselves most laudably. Young elicited many proofs of genius; he pourtrayed with great energy the conflicting emotions of Selico, and conveyed the ideas of the author with truth and discrimination. The palm of the evening must certainly be judged to Fawcett, who proved himself 'equal to either field,' as capable of exciting tears as of raising laughter; and his attitudes and modulation, in several trying scenes, were truly admirable. The countenance and manner of Liston are naturally so irresistibly ludicrous, that it requires little exertion on his part to 'set the house in a roar;' and this he completely effected.—The part given to Farley is not within the usual exercise of his talents; but he acquitted himself with great credit. Mrs. Gibbs depended more upon her appearance than her acting, as her character, except in the last scene, was not of the most prominent kind; she looked bewitchingly;—and Mrs. Liston warbled the airs of Sutta very melodiously. Mrs. St. Leger gave dignity and effect to the maternal sorrows of Darina.

The music, by Kelly, displays a very pleasing union of taste and science; and we think the duet in the first act will prove extremely popular.

Several of the songs are very humorous, and were sung with admirable effect.

The scenery, dresses, and decorations, are splendid, picturesque, and appropriate. The inside of an African hut, a woodland view, the burning of the tents, and the procession of the merchants over the mountains, are well imagined, and beautifully executed.

SKETCHES FROM NATURE.

A NOVEL.

In a Series of Letters.

BY SOPHIA TROUGHTON.

[Continued from p. 312.]

CHAP. XVI.

Right Hon. Charles Baderly to Sir Robert Legoxton.

Walsingham-hall.

IN the solitude of my chamber I sat ruminating on the events of the day. I saw the black and

heavy cloud of sorrow about to break on the head of a most deserving woman; a woman for whose sake I would sacrifice my life, if it would add to her felicity; but in behalf of whose happiness my interferen e was vain;—nay, more than vain—it was dangerous; as it might tend to widen a breach it was meant to close.

The chair on which I threw myself at my entrance held me till the day was closing in; and the sober shades of twilight had cast a dusky colour on the surrounding scenery. The birds were retired to their airy habitations; the silence which reigned around was only interrupted by the distant barking of the village-dogs, and the plaintive warblings of the sweetly-mournful nightingale; the notes she so melodiously poured on the stillness of the evening were in unison with my feelings. 'I will walk; I will add my sighs to the evening gale,' said I, descending the stairs.

My feet unconsciously led me down the same path I had in the morning traced with miss Helen. On coming in sight of the a bour the white dress of a female caught my attention. I stopped—Who could it be?—Perhaps the lady who occupied the same seat in the morning. The thought caused me to turn with disgust away: her sight had become hateful to me. But it might not be her; it might possibly be Mrs. Howard, or lady Mary; and to either of those ladies I could speak of lady Walsingham: I could mention my fears for her happiness; and from their judgments, and known delicacy, I might be able to form a line of conduct which might ultimately tend to frustrate the artful schemes of the false Lester, and open the eyes of the deluded Walsingham.

While I stood irresolute, the sweetly-soothing strain was resumed from a neighbouring tree. I folded my arms, and pensively reclined myself against an aged oak; when a voice more soft, more sweet, more melodious, than even Philomel's, struck on my ear. It was the voice of her who was the subject of my meditations, addressing the songstress of the night. Her voice was rather broken by sighs, and she spoke low:

'Sweet bird, which shun'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy.

'Alas! soon, very soon, shall I mourn the absence of those I love: like thee shall droop, like thee keep mournful virgils, and pour my complaints on the desert air.'

She ceased; and I ventured to approach a little nearer. She was sitting near the entrance of the arbour, her head reclining on one side. Her eyes were cast up as if contemplating her native home. Her drapery was light and flowing. The faint light of the evening caused her to look pale, and she appeared the graceful figure a sculptor would choose to represent Resignation in its most beautiful form.

Was this, think you, Legoxton, a fit object for insult; for unbridled passions to be let loose on? Oh! my unparalleled assurance; my unpardonable impudence: I could pistol myself for the savage barbarity.

The rustling I made among the leaves caused her to turn her sweet face: she saw me.

'Mr. Baderly! I thought, sir, you had accompanied miss Lester

and your friend in their evening ride?'

'No, madam, I have been engaged in my apartment, and did not know they were from home. Is Mrs. Howard and lady Mary of the party?'

'Mrs. Howard is, but Mary and my sister are preparing for their journey.' The unbidden tear which rushed to her eye, she dispersed by closing it hard.

'Have you any inclination, Mr. Baderly, to join the Brighton party?'—'Not the least, madam.'

She cleared up, and said with a smile of ineffable sweetness—'Then I shall have a friend with me, who will not tire at hearing me talk of him; whose absence I must deplore, and for whose return, I flatter myself, as ardent wishes will be breathed by the friend, as by the wife.'

'You do me justice, charming lady Walsingham!' said I, raising her hand; 'my wishes will be as fervent as your own for his return; would to God he were not to quit us!'

She looked at me with speaking eyes,—'You know, I am sure you know, Mr. Baderly, more than I am acquainted with: let it not be so because I am the person most concerned, for that reason should I be kept the longest in ignorance? Perhaps you know Walsingham's stay will be protracted beyond the time he has set.'

She paused; I was silent. What could I say? It would have been base to have betrayed the confidence reposed in me by her husband; yet I could hardly withstand her beseeching look.

She saw my embarrassment—'Well, sir, and so he means to stay the season at Brighton. But if he is happy, if he finds more pleasure in his absence from me, why I must, I will, endeavour to be satisfied with hearing he is happy; though I must ever regret my want of power to contribute to his felicity.'

I clasped her hands to my bosom. 'Angelic woman! and must you be deserted for such a devil? And can you be thus patient? Oh that my tender assiduities, my constant heart, might be accepted in the room of one that slights, that flies you: that I might be permitted to chase the cloud of sorrow and vexation from your charming countenance, and once more illume it by the smile of peace; the glow of contentment! Oh! permit the ardent aspirations of a man that adores you. Accept my endeavours for your happiness. Forgive my presumptuous hopes, and thus let me seal my pardon, by clasping your lovely form to my beating, throbbing heart.'

The action accompanied the words. She struggled from my savage gripe, and staggered against a tree. The wild, fearful glance she cast round, brought me to my recollection. I approached her; and cast myself at her feet. She clung to the tree; and, with a voice of terror, exclaimed:—'Leave me, sir! leave me this moment.' Then casting her beauteous eyes to heaven—'Oh! my father,' said she; 'what have I done to merit this treatment? When has my conduct been so light as to authorise those detestable hopes? Just Heaven! for what farther trials am I destined?—Deserted by my husband, and insulted by his confidential friend!—Are you not gone?' said she, looking at me: 'Do you stay to offer fresh insults?' I was going to speak, but she once more peremptorily bade me leave her.

I complied, fearing to exasperate her still farther; but before I had reached the end of the walk, I repented of my compliance; and turned back, resolving to throw myself at her feet, and not rise till I had obtained her forgiveness of a conduct I could not easily forgive myself.

I reached the arbour; but she had broke through the tender branches of the honeysuckle, and not a vestige of her remained.—I listened; but not a sound broke on the stillness of the evening.

I threw me down on the seat. And is this, thought I, the consolation I was so eager to offer? Was it well done, at a moment her heart was bursting at the recollection of her deserted state, to take from her her only and last comfort? to convince her, that instead of a friend to whom she could unbosom herself, and speak without reserve of her husband, I was a villain,—a cursed treacherous rascal, who watched but to destroy—who wished to drag her from the height of virtue, and reduce her below the common level of her sex; to tear the rose of conscious honour from her breast, and plant the thorn of guilt and remorse in its stead?

Then my base designs against my friend, the man who received me hospitably in his house as a brother, rushed through my brain. What a villain, what a consummate villain, a man may be in one hour, who suffers his headstrong, brutal passions to govern his reason!

I started from my seat, unable to endure my reflections: explored every part of the garden, every arbour, every temple, in hope of finding her I had so heinously offended; but my search was in vain.

I entered the house. No one was in the sitting-room—the drawing-room was lighted up, but empty: every place seemed deserted. The servants had not seen her; and in the garden I was sure she was not. To her own room I did not dare go, or send, so I strided up to my apartment, like a madman. Pens and paper lay on the table, and I thought to lessen my vexation by communicating the cause to you; but it would not do; my thoughts were abstracted by many painful recollections, and my hand trembled with the violence of my emotions. I rushed down stairs into the drawing-room, and absolutely started at finding her there, whom I had five minutes before sought with so much solicitude. She was sitting in one of the fire-side chairs, her eyes fixed on the carpet. She raised them on my entrance: (I had stopped short at the door) when she saw who it was, a deep blush o'erspread her face. She half rose, but reseated herself; and her usual dignity seemed to animate her. I still continued by the door, but stammered out—'Will lady Walsingham condescend to forgive?—Will she excuse?—I am unable to bear my own reflections.'—I *could not* proceed.

'The *friend* of lord Walsingham,' said she with an emphasis, 'must not stand at his door.'

She rose and curtsied with more reserve than she would have done to a stranger.

I approached her—'The friend of lord Walsingham, madam!—Alas! no;—I am now unworthy of the appellation. I am a villain; but not so hardened a one, but that I blush at my atrociousness. And to convince you that

I am deeply humbled by a sense of my guilt, I will seek lord Walsingham, acquaint him of my baseness; and if he can forgive the frenzy of a madman, I will receive my pardon from my amiable friends together.'

She wept. 'To mistake and err,' said she, 'the best of us is liable while in this world; but to mourn for our deviation from the path of rectitude the moment we have stepped aside, is granted to but few; and the noble generosity which prompts the acknowledgment of error, and the ardent desire to make atonement, to a still smaller number. I am willing to think your offence against your friend was unpremeditated, and could wish it buried in oblivion. — I hope I do not overstep the bounds of female delicacy by saying, I am willing to restore you to your former place in my esteem?'

I pressed her hand to my lips with respect; and if a tear did drop on it — why, my friend, it was at once the tear of compunction and gratitude.

'But,' said she, passing her hand across her eyes, 'you must not think me either captious or inhospitable in expressing a wish that you would accompany Walsingham or my sister. This morning I thought your society would prove a solace till Adolphus returned; but to preserve a conscious rectitude of conduct I must deny myself that pleasure. Yet I will own, that day which brings back lord Walsingham and Baderly to my sight will be hailed by me as a happy one. In the intervening time I shall count the days, perhaps the hours, till that one shall arrive. My children,' continued she, glancing at two lovely portraits which adorned her arm, 'my children, and the company of my kind friend Mrs. Howard, will recompense me for my self-denial. May the Almighty continue those blessings to me, and I cannot be quite wretched.' — She covered her face with her handkerchief.

'And do you, lady Walsingham, do you command me absolutely to leave you?' — She removed the handkerchief from her face; it was bathed in tears; never, never, Legoxton, did I behold so interesting an object!

'I must be obeyed, Mr. Baderly.'

'You shall, madam, but I cannot join the Brighton party; I will accompany lady Julia, and then make a short tour round the country, till I hear that Walsingham is returned; and then hasten to pay my respects here; and hope to experience the same gracious reception I met with on my first arrival.'

She bowed her head — she could not speak — but her sobs pierced my heart. I kissed her hand, kneeling, and in that position frequently invoked heaven to watch over her, to comfort her, and sustain her. Once more pressing her hand with my lips, I dropped it, and quitted the room with the same precipitation I had entered.

On reaching my chamber, I fastened the door as if apprehensive of a pursuit.

'And this,' cried I, throwing myself on the bed, 'is the last adieu! I will not, cannot see her again. She herself seemed not to wish it. My very soul felt as if taking leave of my body when I dropped her hand, and I will not undergo the torture of another parting.'

To-morrow noon is the time

fixed for the ladies' departure. I will bid Walsingham farewell in the morning early, and as many of the company as I can without seeing his wife; and I will wait for Julia and Mary at the village.

The family have been retired to rest some hours. I did not even try for any; I knew it would be vain; so set down to write to you, my friend.

The morning is dawning through my shutters. I will descend, and visit every seat, and every walk: perhaps it is the last time I shall witness the sun rise on these enchanting scenes.

[*In continuation.*]

Oh! Legoxton, my folly and the folly of Walsingham appear in my eyes ten times greater than ever.

I traced the footsteps of lady Walsingham to those places I knew to be her favourite haunts: a beautiful little hermitage came in sight, of which she is very fond. I entered: the recollection that she had been my companion the last time I had been there, almost overcame me; and I repeated Eve's pathetic soliloquy:—

'O unexpected stroke, worse than of death!
Must I then leave thee, Paradise? thus leave
Those happy walks, and shades,
Fit haunt of Gods, where I had hoped to spend
Quiet, though sad, the remnant of my days?'

I rushed out; but there was one place I was resolved to visit, cost what it would. It was the temple dedicated to Harmony. On my entrance I observed a large picture covered with a green curtain; I lifted it up; but instantly dropped it, on a man's entering with a basket of tools. He was retiring when he saw me:—'Stop, my friend,' said I, 'can you inform me whose painting this is?'—'Yes, sir, it was done by my mistress, and the hon. Mrs. Howard; they made it while my lady was confined.'

'Stop for me without the door, my friend.' He retired, and I once more raised the curtain. The painting represented the court of Apollo. The god himself sitting on a throne of radiance, in a vest of celestial blue, was represented by a striking likeness of your humbled friend. A fine likeness of Walsingham as Orpheus, in a flowing black robe, studded with stars, was a striking contrast. Lord Seymour made a very graceful Amphimedon. Sir Harry a Pan; but without his ears: (I believe this figure to be Mrs. Howard's drawing.) He is playing on his pipe, and his cheeks are plumped up to a great size; his eyes staring; and on the whole rather a grotesque figure, but a good representation of him, as he appears when blowing the bassoon. Lumly, who is no performer, is presenting a music-book to Venus, (Lester) an elegant figure. Her dress and attitude discover the symmetry of her form; and the face has more expressive grace than I ever beheld even in the original. A light figure of Mrs. Howard stands near them, as Terpsichore. Julia makes a sweetly-pensive Urania: she is looking at her lute, which has a broken string. Lady Mary, with a number of sonatas in her hand, makes a pretty Erato. But what pleased, yet pained me, the most of all was, an enchanting figure of lady Walsingham, a youthful Hebe, presenting the cup to Apollo.

I could have gazed the whole

day without being weary at this painting: the light and shade is so well managed; the different characters so elegantly expressed, yet the likeness of the persons so exquisitely given; the colouring so rich; such a luxuriousness, such a glowing spiritedness, if I may so express it, diffused over the whole; that it is one of the most pleasing pictures I ever beheld. To see myself the principal person in the group would have delighted me a day ago, but now it increased my vexation; notwithstanding I stood gazing at it till both eyes and heart ached, and was foolish enough to mount a chair, in order to kiss the inanimate lips of the beautiful Hebe: but I rushed down as if I had again offended the beloved original by my impetuosity.

The man was waiting at a little distance; (I had forgotten him;) he bowed—'And what, my friend,' said I, 'are you going to do in that temple?'—'I am ordered, sir, by my mistress to take down some lamps we yesterday put up. There was to have been a concert there this week, and the large new picture, your honour asked me about, was to have lamps put round it; but, as my lord is going to Brighton, it is to be put off till he comes back.'

I rewarded him for his civility, and hastened towards the house to hide my emotion; but on the steps I met Walsingham.

'Hey dey, Charles!' said he, 'where have you been so early this morning? Why, man, by that dolorous air of your countenance, I should imagine you had been taking leave of some rural goddess you have concealed in those parts. But,' continued he, taking my arm, 'I want to know what new whim is in your head. Lady Walsingham informs me that you are resolved to accompany my sister to her aunt's. I know you too well to think my quitting home for a short time is the occasion of your removal; for

'When a lady's in the case,
You know, all other things give place.'

'Surely, Charles, the pensive Julia has not achieved that which the sprightly Lester failed to do? You will not let her add the conquest of your heart to the hardy feats of her renowned ancestors? She will show you no mercy, I fear, but drag you through the town at her chariot wheels in triumph; and at last hang you up as a trophy of her victory.'

You will perhaps blame me, but I told him I could not bear to deceive. I told him my true reasons for quitting his house—my offence against lady Walsingham—her generous forgiveness, but positive command to leave her till his return;—and of the kind wishes she was pleased to express of seeing me again in a short time.

He heard me with attention, and was silent for a moment after I had concluded; when, snatching my hand,—'My dear fellow,' said he, 'I forgive you from the bottom of my soul; you see how it is when a woman is in the case: probity—friendship—all—all are sacrificed for the smile of the beloved object! Yet you are my Mentor, who wished me to give up my Brighton expedition, my hopes of happiness, and Lester.'

'But,' interrupted I, 'I see my error, and am anxious to fly from temptation; if you were but willing to do the same, you would stay here.'

'You have seen your error, and are willing to fly from temptation: yes; but what opened your eyes? If you had met with a yielding fair, or one who had given you any hope, your regard for your friend would have been forgotten, and I should have been suffered to go to Brighton, or to the devil without molestation; while you would have made yourselves mighty comfortable in my absence. Ah! Charles! Charles! 'tis in vain sermonizing; you *know* you are disappointed, and are virtuous from necessity.'

I assured him that I felt more satisfaction at the disappointment than it was possible I could have done in the full gratification of so base a passion.—He shook his head—'Aye, aye, we may talk as we please; but at six and twenty the warm blood dancing in our veins *will* give the lie to every cold word we utter. — But you shall go with us to Brighton.'

'No, I will not; I shall conduct your sister to lady *Alethea's*, and then strike across the country to our old friend Ned Bromley's. I promised to spend a few days with him at his hunting-box, when I came to England. A letter of recall from you will be most welcome, and will find me there.—'And now, my generous friend, I will take my leave of you here; I have a letter to write before I go; and your wife I cannot see. Perhaps I had better see her no more: yet, with your permission, and in your presence, I could wish at some future day to behold her, once more, before I bid a final adieu to the shores of England.

'You will make my compliments acceptable to the agreeable party with whom I have spent so many happy hours.'

'Will you not breakfast with us, Baderly?'

'No; I shall take coffee in my own apartment. I can see no one. You must apologize for my abrupt departure. I should like to take a personal leave of Mrs. Howard, but no one else. I shall wait at the village till I see the ladies pass, and then I will overtake them.'

'Well,' said he, 'I will not be denied passing the morning with you at the village.'

I pressed his hand—'You are,' said I, 'what you always were; the most friendly when your friendship is of the most use.'

I retired to my chamber, and have given you an account of the whole transaction which drives me from this terrestrial paradise; and, like the falling angels, I cannot but own my sentence just, although I despair of ever seeing those blooming fields, those fertile valleys, and those romantic heights, with the cheerful satisfaction I once beheld them; I know not if I am grown superstitious, but a something struck me I shall never see this house, nor its charming mistress, more. When I think of a return, a presentiment of I know not what crosses my mind, and damps the joy that thought would otherwise afford.

Was you ever thus, Legoxton? Did you ever dwell on possibilities till they became dreadful realities in your terrified imagination? If you have, you can form some idea of my present feelings.

The world is all before me where to choose my place of rest; but if Walsingham does not return before the winter, I will make one effort to see his charming wife, and then bid a long adieu to the English shores; return to my na-

tive country; now and then indulge with your society; but the greatest part of my time shall be spent in retirement; and my chief companions, authors that shall instruct me in the conduct of life; and render me fit for the society of her in another and a better world, whose company I cannot enjoy here, without anxious and painful emotions.

But in that bright world, of which she is a native, all sensual desires, and distinctions of sex, will be done away. The fear of offending, and dread of separation, will be no more: for in that happy place, sin cannot enter, nor death separate.

Adieu! Legoxton; this is a grave conclusion for me; but may you never know the fourth part of the misery experienced at this moment by

Your faithful friend,
And servant,
CHARLES BADERLY.

[*To be continued.*]

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,

THE Editor of Charlotte Richardson's poems again* intreats your indulgence, and that of your readers, whilst she states the occasion of her attempting to publish by subscription, a second little volume of the same writer. It was the intention of the young woman herself, in conformity with the advice of her friends, to bid adieu to the Muses, and to give the whole of her mind in future to teaching a school. She had succeeded in obtaining thirty little scholars at 5*s.* per quarter, and gave so much satisfaction to the parents by her judicious treatment, and by the rapid improvement of their children, that no doubt remained of her success, should her health be tolerably re-established, of which there appeared some hope last year on her return from a visit to a friend in the country, where she had spent the summer holidays. But this flattering hope soon vanished; the close confinement, and renewed exertions of her school, brought on an increased return of her former ailment, an abscess in her side, and she was taken so extremely ill the beginning of January last as to be wholly confined to her bed more than five months; and, although now considerably better, is yet unable to sit up longer than two or three hours at different intervals in the course of the day. But it may be objected, — What is all this to the public? Are there not many widows in Britain whose delicacy of constitution may equally disable them from procuring a comfortable livelihood? Undoubtedly there may; but the Editor would plead, not one perhaps who, with so few advantages, or rather without any advantage of a cultivated education, has been capable of the same measure of mental, moral, and religious progress. Often, during the last half year, have her medical and other friends conceived her to be at the point of death, but still was her mind ever actively employed. Unable to read to improve her little stock of knowledge, or to beguile the tedious hours of pain and languor, she would put down from time to time

* See the Lady's Magazine for September, 1805.

with a pencil, in a moment of mitigated suffering, such thoughts as might have presented themselves, whether connected with her own afflicted situation, expressive of gratitude for the kindness of her friends, or suggested by any thing she might hear accidentally of the events that were passing around her. These little pieces were shown to the Editor, and it was her intention, on the death of the composer, which was then daily expected, to make a selection of them for publication, both as being highly curious and very interesting in themselves, and also for the benefit of her orphan boy, now four years of age. In this design, it is apprehended there would have been no impropriety, nothing that should have been deemed obtrusive and impertinent; and she hopes, therefore, that it will not be thought so now, although the life of the mother is still spared, her recovery being yet extremely doubtful, and the great expense of a severe illness, indefinitely prolonged, exceedingly distressing.

The Editor flatters herself that many of the subscribers to the former little volume, which is now out of print, and which met with so much favour from them, and from the public (six hundred copies more than the number subscribed for having been sold), will again come forward to patronise the present *. If she does not deceive herself, they will not repent of their kindness, being persuaded, that they will recognise in this second publication the same pious resignation, the same interesting sensibility, the same humility of spirit, which distinguished the first, improved by a greater variety of ideas, and expressed in more correct and appropriate language — they will clearly perceive that the intelligent teacher of little children has possessed greater opportunities for the improvement of original genius, than the poor servant educated by the frugal hand of charity.

A specimen of the intended selection will be subjoined, and a subscription of five shillings opened by Messrs. Johnson, St. Paul's Church-yard; Hatchard, Piccadilly; Mawman, Poultry; and by Longman and Co., Paternoster-row.

By inserting the above in the next number of your widely-circulated Magazine, you will kindly patronize a very afflicted and deserving young woman, and will much oblige

Your humble Servant,

CATH. CAPPE.

York, July 23, 1808.

* The first little volume was so much liked in America, that it has been printed there.

ON BEAUTY.

BY MADAME DE GENLIS.

IT seldom happens that a beautiful woman is amiable. — Persuaded that nature has done every thing for her, she imagines that, in order to charm the hearts of men, she has only to show the graces of her person. Such are the vanities with which she enters society; but her triumph is short; it does not extend beyond the frivolous admiration of the moment, which soon passes away and leaves nothing but *ennui*, insipidity, and even disgust. In her company the mind remains inactive, the heart is cold; and the truth of this remark will for ever appear, that strong and lasting passions are not inspired by the most beautiful women.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

STANZAS.

BY CHARLOTTE RICHARDSON.

Written in May, 1808, when under the pressure of severe disease.

MONTH after month its course has run,
Yet still no dawn of hope I see;
No more will health's reviving sun
Ere shine on me.

Cheerless to me the dawn of day,
While sinking 'neath stern sickness' power,
Meridian sun or ev'ning grey,
Or midnight hour.

For fierce Disease his bow has bent,
And pierc'd me with his keenest dart,
While pain my vital strength has spent,
And chill'd my heart.

Beneath his power I strive in vain
In balmy rest my eyes to close;
From opium's aid alone I gain
A short repose.

Oh! when will all those sorrows cease
Whose weight o'erpowers my fainting breast?
When shall this flutt'ring heart find peace,
And be at rest?

Be still my soul, with patience wait,
And meekly bear the chast'ning rod;
Remember, all thy suffering state
Is known to God.

Doubt not his care and tender love
Although his dealings seem severe;
Strive by affliction to improve,
And him revere.

What though disease thy days consume?
Soon death will bring a sweet release;
And those within the silent tomb
Shall rest in peace.

Dust unto dust shall there return;
While the immortal soul shall fly,
By heav'nly messengers upborne;
To God on high.

ELIZA.

WHO so fair as my Eliza?
Loveliest virgin of this isle;
Blue-ey'd beauty, how I prize her!
How I doat on her sweet smile!

Fly me not, for I'll pursue thee
Far as Nature's rule extends;
Life it is to me to woo thee,
Dearer far than fame or friends.

Hearts of steel perhaps may doubt it,
Still 'tis love the world that sways;
'Twere death to me to be without it,
Nights of gloom and dismal days.

On Eliza's breast reclining,
Feasting on her ruby lip;
Ev'ry meaner care resigning,
Nectar'd sweets 'tis mine to sip.

Were some eastern king to proffer
For Eliza his bright throne;
I would spurn the splendid offer,
And still live for love alone.

J. M. L.

ODE

ON BEHOLDING A CANDLE NEARLY EXTINGUISHED.

The Taper represented as emblematical of Life.

THE yet expiring taper glows,
Yet casts a dismal light around,
Each object that it feebly shows,
Display'd in melancholy ground,
Appears a face of dusky hue to wear,
Like a poor mortal's face o'erwhelm'd with dark despair.

Emblem of man's imperfect state,
Of life's progressive dreary scene;
Where each untoward storm of fate
Hangs louring o'er the bright serene!
Why should he aim at regal power,
Or wish to court Ambition's ray?
The sun that gilds the present hour,
The next may fade in clouds away:
Why should he wish such fleeting joys to share?
Empires must fall, and worlds dissolve in air.

In early youth, in Nature's spring,
We like the kindling flame appear,
Whilst the revolving seasons bring
Their sweets to grace the passing year,
Till in the ripen'd vigour of our days,
We shine in Beauty's pride, the taper's cheerful blaze.

While in the smiling bloom of youth
We view the verdant scene around,
And nobly proud in conscious truth,
We dance along the fairy ground;
The moments pass in measures gay,
One constant round of fond delight;
We dream throughout the live-long day,
And wake but with the shades of night;
Why should we hope a state of bliss to find,
Whose number'd hours are fleeting as the wind?

Now passing through this chequer'd way,
Where storms and hurricanes assail,
We yield ourselves to Sorrow's sway,
Or daring fate we brave the gale:
Regardless of the elemental strife,
The temp'rate blaze illumes the ardent noon of life.

Great is the man whose daring soul
Can brave the ghastly smiles of death,
Can hear terrific thunders roll,
See stricken Nature gasp for breath;
Unshaken by the dreadful roar,
He views the whole with placid mien;
His efforts rocks repel no more,
And mountains cease to intervene;
Why should he wish to gain the mountain's brow,
Whose heights are cover'd with eternal snow?

Life is a thorny path at best,
Compass'd with hills and nobly rude,
Where wolves annoy, and thieves infest,
A scene of sad vicissitude;
And care subsides, and day succeeds to night,
The taper, dimm'd awhile, emits a clearer light.

What though Misfortune's baleful train
Awake the sad desponding sigh;
She smiles malignantly in vain,
For hope, enchanting hope, is nigh.
See through the clouds that float in air,
The little azure speck of day;
Thus joy, succeeding to despair,
Resumes the dark embosom'd way:
Yet wherefore hail the sweetly-temper'd sky,
Since Nature's works, and Nature's self must die?

At last fatigued with length of years,
We long to quit the narrow vale;
To bid adieu to hopes and fears,
And fly a happier clime to hail;
The lamp of life emits its parting gleam,
We close in Nature's sleep our mortal dream.

ANACREONTIC.

FROM THE GREEK.

LAUGH and rejoice! what comes to-morrow,
Or what the future can bestow
Of pain or pleasure, joy or sorrow,
Men are not wise enough to know.

Oh! bid farewell to care and labour,
Enjoy your life while yet you may;
Impart your blessings to your neighbour,
And give your hours to frolic play.

Life is not life, if free from passion,
From the soft transports love can give;
Be quick, indulge your inclination—
Then life is worth the pains to live.

But if you pass the short-liv'd pleasure,
 And leave the luscious draught unknown,
Another claims your slighted treasure,
 And you have nothing of your own.

SCOTIA'S GLENS.

BY JAMES HOGG, THE ETRICK SHEPHERD.

'MONG Scotia's glens, and mountains blue,
Where Gallia's lilies never grew,
Where Roman eagles never flew,
 Nor Danish lions rallied;
Where skulks the roe in anxious fear,
Where roves the stately nimble deer,
There live the lads to freedom dear,
 By foreign yoke ne'er galled.

There woods grow wild on ev'ry hill,
There freemen wander at their will;
Sure Scotland will be Scotland still,
 While hearts so brave defend her:
'Fear not! our Sovereign liege,' they cry,
'We've flourish'd fair beneath thine eye;
For thee we'll fight, for thee we'll die,
 Nor aught but life surrender.

'Since thou hast watch'd our ev'ry need,
And taught our navies wide to spread,
The smallest hair from thy grey head
 No foreign foe shall sever.
Thy honour'd age in peace to save,
The sternest host we'll dauntless brave,
Or stem the stoutest Indian wave:
 No heart nor hand shall waver.

'Though nations join yon tyrant's arm,
While Scotland's noble blood runs warm,
Our good old man we'll guard from harm,
 Or fall in heaps around him:
Although the Irish harp were won,
And England's roses all o'er-run,
'Mong Scotia's glens, with sword and gun,
 We'll form a bulwark round him.'

STANZAS ON THE MOON.

NIGHT'S silver lamp ascends the skies,
 By myriad splendid stars impearl'd,
And bids her midnight beauties rise,
 To light and charm a weary'd world.

Yon mould'ring turret's time-worn form
 Her soft and trembling beams illume;
She smiles amidst the coming storm,
 And brightens from surrounding gloom.

Now the fleet-footed fairies lave
 Their spotless limbs in pearly dew,
Or sit beside the lucid wave,
 Or deck the scene that Spenser drew.

On some gay flow'ret's emerald stem
 Perchance their magic feet alight,
Whose silv'ry sandals bear a gem
 Dropt from the starry sphere of night;

Or sprightly o'er the spiral grass
 With giddy, graceful ease they glide;
A dew-drop is their looking-glass,
 Their mirror is the sleeping tide.

When morning opes her cloudless eye,
 The fairies seek their mossy cell;
There in soft smiling slumbers lie,
 Till waken'd by the ev'ning bell.

J. M.

Kingsland.

AN ADDRESS TO MY FRIEND.

THE ev'ning is soft and serene,
 Sweet Philomel pours forth her lays;
Come, Sarah, trip over the green,
 And talk of our past youthful days:
When sickness nor death had appear'd
 To make us dejected or sad,
Mild innocence beam'd in each word,
 We ever were happy and glad.
Dear days of delight ever flown,
 Such pleasures I ne'er more shall know;
But though in the noise of a town,
 One tear to thy worth I'll bestow.

S. L.

WHAT IS LOVE?

WHAT is love?—'Tis pleasure, pain;
One time 'tis loss, another gain;
It breeds the soft impassion'd sigh,
And bids the tear suffuse the eye;
Yet oft a smile it makes us prove—
This, youthful poets, this is love.

It bids us oft avert the eye
When her we hold most dear is nigh;
It makes the eloquent grow mute,
Who fain would pay a lover's suit;
Yet bids the tongue of silence move—
All these are surest signs of love.

It makes stern valour crouch its slave,
Degrades the proud, unnerves the brave;
E'en the bright seasons seem to change,
Beneath Love's soft and fost'ring range;
And winter, as we gaily rove,
Changes to summer, touch'd by love.

J. M. L.

LINES

TO A RINGLET OF HAIR WHICH WAS GIVEN TO THE AUTHOR BY ELIZA.

NOUGHT shall, dear ringlet, ever thee annoy,
Than orient gems I prize thee far above;
Thee to revere shall be my chief employ;
Thou art the pledge of my *Eliza's* love.

Whate'er may be the destin'd will of fate,
Should it, alas! divide the maid and me;
That worst of ills, ah! should it on me wait,
E'en then in hopes I'd fondly muse on *thee.*

Oh! then, dear ringlet, through the mournful hour,
When from my breast the ling'ring sigh shall part;
O'er *thee* my tears in solitude I'll pour,
And press *thee* weeping to my aching heart.

S. Y.

B——, *July* 15, 1808.

AN IMPROMPTU:

As presented to S. Y. the other evening, penciled on the back of a letter.

MISS E.D-U-'s irresistible dart
(For circumstances plainly show it)
Has deeply pierc'd the tender heart
Of my good friend *S.Y.* the poet.

Bob Baker.

Aug. 1, 1808.

A REPARTEE:

As returned to Mr. B. written beneath the above.

YOU never were so near the truth,
My good poetic friend *Bob Baker!*
And (though it is a trick of youth)
'For better or for worse'—I *wish* 'to take her.'

S. Y.

Aug. 1, 1808.

ODE

FOR ST. JAMES'S DAY.

HARK! heard ye not yon dismal roar?
Hark! heard ye not yon wailing cry?
I see the hideous fabric fall;
I see its ponderous columns all
Sink to the ground to rise no more;
Erewhile with impious pride that mock'd the Heav'ns on high.

And is it he, the great, the proud,
The conqu'ror of a trembling world;
Who high uprear'd on slaughter stood,
And waded through a sea of blood,
While prostrate kings around him bow'd—
Is he then from his throne of carnage hurl'd?

And lo! with all her antient force,
Rous'd like a giant from his sleep,
Iberia, like the orien tsun,
Sets on her flaming race to run;
And calls to join her glorious course
Britain—the mighty Island of the deep.

Oh! had we seen this bright display
Ere British war your shores opprest;
If he, who on Trafalgar's wave
Consign'd your warriors to the grave—
If he had lived to see this day,
How had he clasp'd you to his swelling breast!

Together let us now advance,
And still from age to age agree;
And Albion's sons, and old Castile,
Contend alike with patriot zeal
To quell the force of fraudful France,
Enthron'd upon the rock of Truth and Liberty.

And ever thus may lawless sway,
Back'd tho' it be with ruffian power,
When Freedom's Sons— a holy band,
Join heart to heart and hand to hand,
O ever may it meet with swift Destruction's hour!

FOREIGN NEWS.

Rome, April 30.

LUCIEN BONAPARTE lives here in retirement, and without holding intercourse with any person. He has disdained all the splendid offers made to him by his brother Napoleon, constantly refusing to acknowledge him as emperor and king, alleging that he had power enough as first consul of the French Republic, to which he had avowed his fidelity. By Napoleon's order his name has been cancelled from the list of the imperial family.

Madrid, June 22. Within these few days sixty carts, laden with wounded Frenchmen, arrived in this city, in consequence of the insurrection in Andalusia. Castanos has 25,000 regular Spanish troops, and 6000 English. From Gibraltar even assistance has been afforded: all the proclamations have been circulated in Spanish and French.

The Marquis of Canaveres, who commanded the cavalry under Echervarria, has been sentenced to be shot for disobedience of orders.

The retreat of Moncey's army has been completely cut off. General Lefebvre's army, composed of 11,000 men, was completely routed by Palafox; some corps of Catalans arrived in time to distinguish themselves. Murat is fortifying himself in the Prado; every thing announces his attempt to retreat.

The brave brigadier-general D. Joaquim Blake has been promoted to the rank of lieutenant-general.

The mournful silence of Bayonne announces the difficult situation of the great emperor.

Leon, June 28. All the letters we receive from Astorga, Villafranca, and the district of Bierzo, speak of the arrival and progress of the troops from Gallicia, and mention the enthusiasm which prevails among the commanders and soldiery in favour of the great cause they have undertaken to defend. Don Joseph Maria De Prado came from Corunna to Bierzo, to witness the march of the army; and in Villafranca he was received with that attention which is due to a deputy from the kingdom of Gallicia, and to a gentleman of his high rank. In Astorga, the generals and superior officers are accommodated in the best manner; and regard is had to the troops encamped in the suburbs and neighbourhood, that they may want nothing with which they can be supplied. We are assured that general Cuesta will soon arrive, to have an interview with general Blake.

We learn with satisfaction the intelligence from Benevento, that our captain-general has already organized an army, mixing with the peasantry an equal number of veteran soldiers. He has ordered that every officer, without exception, should rise at four o'clock in the morning, to instruct these new levies. This command is obeyed with the greatest willingness, from respect to their worthy chief; and the raw troops, at the appointed hour, are in attendance with muskets in their hands.

Astorga, June 28. A letter from this city, from a person deserving confidence, informs us, that within its boundary and its immediate neighbourhood, is collected a considerable part of the grand army of Gallicia. Several generals, and other field officers, are accommodated in the city, and the sight of such a numerous body of troops, composed of such fine regiments, diffuses general joy. We are also informed through the same that an aide-de-camp of general Cuesta has passed on to Corunna, to announce to the supreme Junta of the kingdom of Gallicia, that official accounts have been received from general Palafox, of a complete victory obtained near Saragossa over the

enemy. The dispatches are accompanied by a printed gazette, containing all the particulars of this glorious affair. Although we have no reason to doubt that the valour of the Arragonese will be triumphant, yet we are happy to see it announced from such high authority; and we are glad to find that the correspondence between these two distinguished generals has been established.

Oviedo, June 29. We learn from a variety of letters that three English deputies, with their secretaries, arrived here to-day, and to whom all possible obsequiousness and marks of respect are shown. The principal of these English gentlemen is sir Thomas Dyer. Several carriages were sent to Gijon to conduct them to this place amidst the liveliest acclamations and applause. They were entertained at a splendid feast, and this evening they will be amused with the best music that can be furnished. They have brought with them arms and ammunition; and it is said that they have given assurances of the prompt arrival of English troops, with from four to six thousand Spaniards, who had been their prisoners.

Pampeluna, July 1. It is stated, that another action has taken place in Arragon, on the 26th or 27th, with great slaughter on both sides. Nothing more was known, except that the Arragonese pursued the enemy as beasts and not as men.

Murcia, July 2. The attack on Valencia, by general Moncey, terminated yesterday. Only 1200 men escaped:—1500 remain prisoners in the castle and the gallies of Carthagena. Moncey remained prisoner in Valencia. This city is safe from the surprise of 7000 Frenchmen, who came from the vicinity of Albaceta, at the same time that Llamas and Cerbellos, with more than 30,000 men, were pursuing the rear-guard of the French.—There were 7000 men in the last reinforcement sent to this general, and they found their graves at Valencia.

Puerto Real, July 11. In the kingdom of Seville we have 50,000 men in arms. Of these 30,000 are troops of the line, and the rest, though newly raised, are pretty well disciplined, having been constantly exercising for the last month. The whole of this force is posted in the environs of Andujar, where general Dupont has entrenched himself with 9000 troops, in expectation of reinforcements, or in consequence of finding his retreat to Madrid entirely cut off.

We are in hourly expectation of hearing of an engagement, though there are some who assert that general Castanos's plan is to starve the enemy into a surrender.

The English are received here in the same manner as in other parts of the kingdom. They disembarked a few days since, and about 2000 of their troops are now quartered in this place.

Extract of a Letter from Gibraltar, July 5.

'The accounts from the Spanish army near Andujar reach to the 30th ult., and are extremely favourable. Dupont with 12,000 men had entrenched themselves strongly at Andujar, but was completely surrounded by the Spanish army. A body of 500, whom he had sent to examine the passes of the Sierra Morena, had been cut off to a man. General Beliard, with a column of ten thousand men, was on his march from Madrid to try to relieve Dupont, by forming a junction with him, but the passes are so strongly guarded, that little apprehension was entertained of his being able to force them.—The Spaniards are melting down all their church plate to pay their troops, as they are much in want of money. All the young men have joined the army; and the bishops throughout Spain have exhorted all the clergy to aid in gathering in the harvest, in the room of the peasantry who have taken up arms.—Nothing can exceed the zeal and unanimity of all ranks in defence of their country. The supreme board at Seville is now universally acknowledged and obeyed throughout Spain. Its labours are incessant, and the zeal and ardour of the regular troops and armed inhabitants know no bounds.'

Vienna, July 6. The Archduke John arrived at Trieste on the 11th of June. The organization of the militia goes on very favourably; the men are already disciplined in a great measure. Several trades have formed themselves into different corps.

Paris, July 14. We learn that count Metternich, the father of the Austrian ambassador at Paris, has been sent hence upon a message of very great importance to the princes of the confederation of the Rhine. His excellency remained some days at Augsburgh, and then proceeded to Stutgardt.

From Naples we learn, that the queen left that city on the 7th, to join her illustrious spouse in Spain. General Regnier has also set out for Spain.

Lower Elbe, July 19. The day before yesterday, three persons, convicted of holding a treasonable correspondence with the enemy, were shot before one of the gates of Hamburgh.

Madrid, July 20. We learn from Levida, that the Catalonians have rendered themselves masters, by storm, of Fort Monjuy, with the loss of from six to seven thousand men; but they put to the sword the whole of the garrison, in conformity to the laws of war in similar cases.

Gottenburgh, July 22. Upwards of four and twenty English captains of merchantmen have arrived here within the last week from Copenhagen; they have been released from prison in consequence of an exchange of prisoners, brought about by admiral sir J. Saumarez, who sent home in a cartel all the Danish prisoners that were taken in the Prince Christian, a 74 gun-ship, last winter: these captains say that the tone of the Danes is very much altered toward the English, and praise the good treatment they have received. They report that throughout Holstein the French have taken down from the post-houses and other places, all marks of Danish royalty, and substituted those of the emperor Napoleon. This conduct has given great offence to the Danish government, and with reason, as Holstein may now be said to be lost to Denmark. We cannot expect much news from Norway, as the war there on the part of Sweden is merely a defensive one. The Norwegians have, during the campaign, got acquainted with most of their weak points, and fortified themselves accordingly. From Finland we have no news to-day, but there is a report that the Russians are in possession of Wasa, and that they gave up the town to plunder for two days.

Benevento, July 22. Marshal Bessieres, who entered this place with from 10 to 12,000 men, subsequent to the retreat of our army, marched out again in the evening of the 20th. The country is entirely laid waste, for the enemy cut down all the plantations, and fed the horses with the corn. Signior Cuesta has retreated with the cavalry, and has left the infantry at their own disposal. It is said that he has gone to Palafox.

Valdevicas, July 22. Our head-quarters are at Manzanal, and the advanced guard has arrived at Astorga, where it remains completely on the alert.

Signior Cuesta has suddenly evacuated Benevento, and marched for Leon. In consequence of dispatches taken by a serjeant of the regiment of Saragossa, from a French aide-de-camp, whom he apprehended in the disguise of a Spanish postillion, and which dispatches were transmitted to signior Cuesta, who received them at ten o'clock at night; he dismissed the peasantry belonging to his army, ordered the cavalry to mount, and with them and the flying artillery, he marched off suddenly at twelve o'clock, saying, 'Let those who are able and willing follow me.' This precipitate departure has given rise to various speculations. There are some who, from the intelligence received yesterday, predict some heroic achievement as the issue of the plan which he had so suddenly adopted.

Madrid, July 27. Authentic intelligence has reached this city that general Dupont has surrendered, after the complete defeat of his army, which consisted of 20,000 men, on the 21st of this month, between Baylen and Andujar, in Andalusia. His troops had committed the greatest outrages in every place which they had entered. The French army were delivered up as prisoners, to the disposal of the Junta of Seville.—The attacks which were made upon this army lasted from the 15th in the morning.

General Moncey, who was in Valencia with 15,000 men, has returned hither with the small remains of his army. The Arragonese are defending themselves with the utmost bravery against the attacks of the French.

The troops of Valencia, which, it is said, are coming to besiege this city, and rescue it from slavery, amount to about 45,000 men; those of Andalusia to 50,000; those of Estramadura to 20,000, and of Murcia to 20,000. A part of them have already arrived within seven or eight leagues of this city. The populace are in a state of the utmost ferment.

July 30. In the middle of the night Joseph Napoleon set off, and took the road to France, according to the preparations previously made. Some say this precipitate flight is the result of Dupont's capture, with a great number of prisoners. —Others that it is the result of a plot entered into by two generals. It is certain that this morning there set off hence more than 3000 French troops, going back to France.

P.S. We hope after this morning to see no French here.

HOME NEWS.

London, July 23.

DISPATCHES were received by government this morning from our squadron off the northern coast of Spain, dated the 15th instant.

St. Andero has been evacuated by the French—On the approach of an Asturian division of 3000 men, (part of the army under the bishop of St. Andero,) the French, consisting of 1600 men, retired from the town, having first destroyed all the works, and levied a heavy contribution on the inhabitants.

A great battle is expected to take place shortly, near Bilboa, between the Asturian army 40,000 strong, mostly regulars, and a French army of about 18,000 men, in Biscay, under Marshal Bessieres.

The Spanish general Cuesta was at Villepanda, and intended to march against Valladolid to cut off the communication between the enemy in the north of Spain and Madrid.

At Burgos, in Old Castile, the French have about 18,000 men.

Joseph Bonaparte has entered Spain. He was, when the accounts came away, at Victoria, in the province of Biscay, but seemed to be fearful of proceeding, on account of the cool and contemptuous manner in which he had been received by the people.

July 27. As the coach which runs from Tunbridge to London was on its journey, on Friday last, with a great many passengers, the leaders took fright at a dog which jumped over a hedge at the moment they were passing. The animals immediately set off at full speed; and the coachman, who was also the proprietor, and had driven the stage for fifteen years, broke the reins in endeavouring to restrain the impetuosity of his horses; they ran at random for a considerable distance, when the coach overturned with violence, and was dashed to pieces. Many of the passengers were very much injured, several with fractured limbs; and the coachman, in endeavouring to extricate the horses from their harness, received a violent kick from one of them, which killed him on the spot. The rest of the persons who were injured having been taken care of, are in a fair way of doing well.

July 30. Yesterday evening, about seven o'clock, as the earl of Paulet and his son, the honourable captain Paulet, were taking a ride in his lordship's phæton in Hyde-park, the horses took fright and ran away with the vehicle; captain P., in endeavouring to check the impetuosity of their career, broke the reins. The horses, when they arrived near the new bridge, ran against the wooden railing which separates Rotten-row from the foot-path, which they carried away completely. By the concussion, lord Paulet and his son were thrown out of the carriage with a considerable degree of velocity. The fiery animals then dashed along until they came to the Serpentine river, into which they would have undoubtedly plunged headlong, had it not been for the presence of mind and spirited conduct of Mr. Dudding, of Henrietta-street, who was in his barouche with his lady. Mr. D., on perceiving the direction which the horses were taking, drove his carriage so as to bring his cattle in contact with those of lord P.; and, at the moment when their destruction appeared inevitable, they were preserved. The horses were then secured by the bye-standers. Lord Paulet, being much bruised by the fall, was conveyed to his house in Stratford-place, in Mr. Dudding's carriage. Captain Paulet, we are happy to add, was not hurt; his preservation was the more miraculous, as he fell upon his head.

Portsmouth, July 31. The expedition

commanded by sir Harry Burrard sailed this morning from St. Helen's, with the wind at S. E. blowing strong; they all cleared St. Helen's point by noon, and stood down Channel. If the same wind continues, they will be in the Tagus in ten days. The force is more than 14,000 men. Sir John Moore, general Hope, and the principal officers of the staff, are on board the Audacious, 74, captain Gosselin, with sir Harry Burrard. The other generals are on board the Zebra, Egeira, and Brazen, sloops.

An order was received yesterday, for stores for 8000 troops to be got ready at the depot at Portchester.

A million of dollars are to be shipped here, on board the Eurydice and Minorca, for Cadiz.

The 51st regiment landed here from Guernsey, on Wednesday, and marched to Hilsea barracks. They are to be embarked in the next expedition.

Dublin, July 30. Yesterday the repairs of the steeple of St. Patrick's cathedral were finished, on which occasion a grand entertainment was given, on a platform which surmounted the ball of the spire! In this tremendous situation about twelve persons sat comfortably down to dinner, without any other protection from the outside edge of this aerial platform than a rope rove through an upright at each angle. It was sickening to the view!—Upon the centre of the table an English ensign was displayed, and the aspiring group kept it up until nearly dark. Some had the prudence to descend at an earlier hour, while the spirited few remained, and amused themselves with catches on their descent, which they effected in perfect safety.

London, August 1. Preparations are making for the fourth expedition. Almost the whole of the guards have received orders to embark. The following is an extract of a letter upon this subject:—

'*Chatham, July* 30. This morning, while out for a field day, the 2d brigade of guards, consisting of the 1st battalion of the Coldstream, and 3d regiment, received an express, ordering them to be in readiness to embark for foreign service on the shortest notice; they will immediately be completed from the 2d battalions of their respective regiments, in London, to 1300 rank and file each; and, we venture to assert, that a finer body of men, and, to the credit of their officers, a corps better disciplined, is not to be found in any part of the world. On the order being communicated to the men, they testified their satisfaction by loud and repeated huzzas; every day, indeed, adds fresh instances of the enthusiasm which actuates the whole of the army. A war more popular, or a cause more congenial to British feelings, has not happened in modern times.'

We understand, that a similar order was, at the same time, sent to the 1st brigade at Deal, consisting of the 1st and 3d battalions of the duke of York's regiment. —The Scots Royals, 4th battalion; the 26th, or Cameronians; the 25th, or Edinburgh regiment, 2d battalion; the 3d battalion of the 27th, or Enniskillen regiment, are embarking at Cork. The latter go out under the command of brigadier-general Slade, to join sir Arthur Wellesley's army.

Two hundred and fifty thousand pikes have been sent from this kingdom to Spain, and are now in the hands of the patriots.

An additional order for 90,000 stand of arms has been delivered at the Tower, which are to be shipped to Spain and Portugal with the utmost expedition.

Aug. 2. Friday week two of the women servants of the rev. J. Preston, of Fashyhall, were bathing in the brook which passes through his grounds, and the place being deep, one of them sitting at the side, held the hand of the other. The latter slipping, pulled in her companion, and both of them were presently out of their depth. A third young woman, who was standing by the brink of the stream, regardless of her danger, plunged in to the assistance of the other two, and unhappily fell a sacrifice to her humanity and regard for her fellow-servants, the other two being with much difficulty brought to life; but the unfortunate victim to her feelings, having been so long under water, could not be restored to life, although medical assistance was almost immediately procured, and all the usual means were tried of restoring suspended animation.

Aug. 5. The grand dinner, which has been so long announced, in honour of the glorious cause of the Spanish patriots, was given, yesterday, at the New City of London tavern, in Bishopsgate-street.

The chair was filled by sir Francis Baring, and immediately about him sat the Spanish deputies, viscount Materosa, the Spanish admiral, the Portuguese am-

bassador, earls Camden and Bathurst, viscount Sidmouth, lords Erskine and Hawkesbury, sirs Charles Price and William Curtis, Messrs. Sheridan, Canning, Perceval, and Windham; aldermen Combe and Shawe; Messrs. Mellish, Thornton, &c. These noblemen and gentlemen, attended by the city marshals, and the stewards, with their wands in their hands, proceeded through the rooms amidst the acclamations of the company, and took their seats at the head of the table, in the great room.—

The dinner consisted of one full service, with removes—a plan of dinner for so large a company infinitely better adapted to comfort than that of division into several courses. It was served with the regularity and alacrity of a private board. There was dressed for the day 2500lbs. weight of turtle, and the intervals between the tureens had every delicacy in season — the removes were haunches of venison. The dessert was extremely magnificent in ices and fruits, and contained about 600 pieces.

After *Non nobis Domine*, the Chairman gave,

1. The King.—2. The Queen.—3. The Prince of Wales and the rest of the royal family.—All which were drank with three times three.

He then gave,

4. King Ferdinand VII. — A toast which was received with the greatest enthusiasm.

5. The patriots of Portugal, and may the House of Braganza never cease to reign.—With three times three.

6. The king of Sweden and the glorious cause in which he is engaged.—With three times three.

7. Ferdinand IV. king of Sicily.—Which was drank with three times three.

8. The President of the United States of America.

This toast given, among those sovereign states who are struggling in arms against the tyrant of France, was not received with approbation by the company. A loud and continued hiss was heard from every part of the rooms. A glee from the band of vocal performers restored the company to good humour. The president then gave,

9. Success to the gallant heroes of Spain and Portugal, our brave associates in liberty and arms.—Which was drank with the most lively acclamations.

After some songs by Dignum, &c. and drinking the healths of Mr. Canning and others, who replied by appropriate speeches, the Spanish deputies, accompanied by many of the noble and right honourable persons who sat near them, rose to depart amidst the loud and grateful testimonies of respect from the company at large. Sir Francis Baring was succeeded in the chair by Beeston Long, Esq. governor of the bank of England, who kept up the festivity of the night to a late hour.

Aug. 8. Lieutenant Alt, of the Black Joke lugger, arrived this morning at the admiralty with dispatches of the highest and most welcome importance. He left Corunna on the second instant, at which time official intelligence had arrived there in the Seville gazette, signed by Castanos and count de Tilly, announcing that, on the 21st ult. after a severe battle, Dupont had capitulated, and that he had surrendered up all magazines, ammunition, arms, &c. to the patriots. The amount of men included in the capitulation is twenty thousand, of whom twelve thousand were in the action of the 21st July. The other eight thousand were on the march to join him. They are included in the capitulation; and not a Frenchman now remains in arms in all Andalusia.

Sir Arthur Wellesley has landed, and is said to be within two days march of Lisbon, with 14,000 men.

Bath, Aug. 11. An unfortunate occurrence took place on Sunday evening, at Lansdown, near this city. It has been long a custom on the Sunday preceding Lansdown fair, for the young people to assemble on the Down, and amuse themselves with the usual sports and pastimes of what they term Lansdown revels; but the present high constable for the hundred of Bath Forum, Mr. Duncan Campbell, was fully determined to suppress all tumultuous and pugilistic proceedings. Unhappily something occurred that occasioned his interference, and meeting with resistance, he at last had recourse to a pistol, and shot a man of the name of Strong in the abdomen. The poor fellow is not yet dead, but the surgeons have no hope of his recovery; he lies at a house on the Down, and his brother, who was dreadfully beaten about the head, is in the same room. Mr. Campbell with difficulty escaped the vengeance of the mob, and surrendered himself to Mr. Justice White, who committed him to prison. Mr. Campbell is a man of family and fortune, and has been particularly active in his office.

Lately a melancholy occurrence took place at a nobleman's seat near Woburn, in Bedfordshire. The butler in the family of lady O. had paid his addresses for some time to her ladyship's waiting-woman, and a day was fixed on for their marriage, with the consent of the noble family. The day preceding the intended union the wife of the butler made her appearance, from whom it appeared, that she had been long married to him, and that he had left her and two children to shift as they could. The butler immediately absconded; and the young woman, disappointed and betrayed, put an end to her existence by suspending herself to the bedstead on which she slept.

London, Aug. 17. The Gazette of last night contains dispatches received by government from lord Collingwood and sir Hew Dalrymple, with an official account of the surrender of Dupont's army. The substance of these dispatches will appear in the Gazette of this evening. Accounts have also arrived from Gijon, dated the 9th instant, confirming the accounts of the evacuation of Madrid, which began on the 29th, and continued on the 30th and 31st.

BIRTHS.

July 28. At Einfield-grove, Berks, Mrs. Buckeridge, lady of lieut.-col. Buckeridge, of a son.

30. At Hampstead, the lady of Peter Free, esq. of a son.

Aug. 1. At his house in Somerset-street, the lady of Francis James Jackson, esq. of a daughter.

2. At sir Walter Farquhar's, bart., Conduit-street, the lady of Gilbert Mathison, esq. of a daughter.

In Seymour-place, Curzon-street, Mrs. Thomas Raikes, of a daughter.

4. The lady of the rev. Henry Hodges, of Beckley, Sussex, of a son.

6. In Cadogan-place, the lady of Henry Rowles, esq. of a daughter.

9. At Hampstead-heath, the lady of Thomas Sheppard, esq. of a daughter.

11. At Beaumont-lodge, the viscountess Ashbrook, of a son.

12. The lady of H. Vos, esq. of Portland-place, of a son.

16. At Tooting, Surry, the lady of Wm. Abbott, esq. of a son.

MARRIAGES.

July 15. At Rosedoe-house, Dumbartonshire, John Campbell, of Stonefield, esq. to miss Wilhelmina Colquhoun, daughter to the late sir James Colquhoun, of Luss, baronet.

26. At St. Olave's, Hart-street, by the rev. Manly Wood, C. J. Gerss, esq. of Ramsgate, to Sophia, only daughter of James Ainsley, esq. of New London-street.

27. At Little Thurlow, Suffolk, sir John Courtenay Honywood, bart., to Mary Anne, eldest daughter of sir Wm. Henry Cooper, bart.

28. At Great Driffield, Mr. John Kendal, to Rousby, youngest daughter of the late T. E. Rousby, esq. of Croom.

Dr. James Gordon, of Keith, to miss Mary Murray Grant, daughter of the late John Grant, of Gallovie.

At St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, Isaac Thurot Dansz, esq. of Amsterdam, to Henrietta, daughter of Jordaan Van de Paadevoort, esq. of Demerary.

At St. Andrew's church, Holborn, major Barclay, of the 50th regiment, to miss Lawton, of Woburn-place.

At St. Oswald's church, Chester, the rev. T. Winfield, M. A., to miss Mary Jane Sparrow, fourth daughter of J. B. Sparrow, esq. of Red-hill, in the island of Anglesea.

Aug. 1. At St. James's church, Westminster, Mr. Lund, West End, Hampstead, to miss Brett Bullen, only daughter of T. Bullen, esq. Great Chesterford, Essex.

2. At Iver, by the rev. Mr. Ward, Robert Anstruther, esq. to miss Holt.

At Stratfield-lodge, G. E. Beauchamp, proctor, bart., of Langley-park, Norfolk, to Ellen, only daughter of Robert Wm. Halhed, esq. of the Priory, Berkshire.

8. By special licence, at Harrington-house, by the archbishop of Dublin, the marquis of Tavistock, eldest son to the duke of Bedford, to lady Anna Maria Stanhope, daughter to the earl of Harrington. The ceremony took place at four o'clock. His royal highness the prince of Wales (who came to town for the express purpose) gave the fair bride away. The bride maids were ladies Charlotte and Caroline Stanhope, the bride's lovely sisters.

9. At Maidstone, Joshua Russell, youngest son of the late John Russell, esq. to miss Wildes, daughter of Thomas Wildes, esq. of the same place.

10. At the parish church of St. Mary-la-bonne, Robert Smith, esq. barrister at law, of Gray's-inn, to miss Emma Smith.

11. In Dublin, viscount Lismore, nephew to the right hon. George Ponsonby, and the countess dowager of Shannon, to lady Eleanor Butler, sister to the earl of Ormond.

12. At Battersea church, William Saunders, esq. of Battersea Rise, to Maria, eldest daughter of S. Rolleston, esq. of Arlington-street, St. James's.

13. At St. Botolph, Aldgate, Thomas Willson, esq. of Foley-place, to miss Mary Anne Ince, of America-square, youngest daughter of the late William Ince, esq. of Hornsey.

DEATHS.

July 14. At her house at Brighton, the right hon. the countess of Bath. Her ladyship was the only child of sir William Pulteney, and was possessed of larger estates, real and personal, than almost any individual in England. In consequence of her death without issue, her husband, sir James Pulteney, succeeds, by her ladyship's will, to her personal estate. The Pulteney estate, except a small part which the earl of Darlington succeeds to, descends to sir Richard Sutton. The whole residue of her extensive property, consisting of her estates in Scotland, the American estate, together with the Weymouth estate, and sir William's other acquisitions in different parts of England, descend to her cousin, sir John Lowther Johnstone, her heir at law, and the representative of her father's family. Her ladyship has also left legacies to a number of private friends to a large amount.

18. At her house at Lewisham, Kent, miss Elizabeth Anne Castell, the eldest daughter of the late Samuel Castell, esq. of Lombard-street.

19. After a lingering illness, in the 65th year of her age, Mrs. Pocklington, the lady of R. Pocklington, esq. of Winthorpe-house, Notts.

At Colchester, in Essex, David Dixon Lloyd, esq. second son of the late rev. Dr. Lloyd, of Lynn Regis, Norfolk.

At his house at Hackney, John Richardby, esq.

At Sunbury, sir John Legard, bart., of Ganton, Yorkshire, aged 50.

At her house in Portman-square, aged 75, the right hon. the dowager lady Middleton, in the county of Warwick.

23. At his house in Blackfriars-road, at an advanced age, Mr. Barthelemon, the celebrated performer on the violin.

25. The rev. Robert Breton, vicar of Boughton Aluph, aged 88.

At Whitehouse, aged 91, Mrs. Farquharson, widow of the late A. Farquharson, esq. of Balfour.

27. At Wokingham, Berkshire, in the 19th year of her age, miss Broome, daughter of the rev. J. Broome, of Eastbourn, in the county of Sussex.

28. In New North-street, Red Lion-square, Mrs. Humphreys.

At his house at Stoke Newington, aged 69, Thomas Compton, esq.

At his house in Weymouth-street, Portland-place, Thomas Place, esq.

Aug. 2. Miss Mudie, sister to Mr. Mudie, manager of the Windsor theatre.

At Kentish Town, after a severe illness, Mrs. Elizabeth Downes, relict of the late John Downes, of Great Marlow, Bucks, esq.

At his house at Walthamstow, aged 80 Solomon Barent Gompertz, esq.

5. Mrs. Ashmore, wife of Mr. Joseph Ashmore, Newgate-street.

Mr. Stewart, of the St. James's Hotel, Jermyn-street, St. James's.

At Hendon, Middlesex, Mr. John Peltro, landscape engraver.

At Clifton, Hugh Mair, esq. late of Friday-street, London, after a severe protracted illness, which he bore with exemplary fortitude and resignation to the Divine Will.

8. At her house, near Ellesmere, in Salop, after a lingering illness, which she bore with exemplary resignation, the right hon. dowager lady Kenyon, relict of lord Kenyon, late chief justice.

At his father's house in Lower Grosvenor-street, lieutenant-general Churchill.

At Stanmore, Mrs. Learmouth.

At Birchanger, Essex, Mrs. Hippuff, wife of Charles Hippuff, esq. of New Ormond-street, London.

10. At Bognor, Mathew Richard Onslow, esq., eldest son of admiral sir Richard Onslow, bart.; in the 27th year of his age.

14. In Devonshire-place, after a lingering illness, the lady of sir Charles William Rouse Boughton, bart.

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.

View of a Cottage in the Valley of Montmorency.